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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Read notice in Publisher's Column, 5th page.

VOLUME LIX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1891. NUMBER 41.

Poetry.

THE SONGS HIS MOTHER SANG.

Beneath the hot Midsummer sun
The men had marched all day,
And now besides a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As sweet the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

He answered, "Nay, I cannot, please;
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
At home, long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We are all true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong clear voice,
Amid unwonted calm,
"I am a soldier of the cross,
And follower of the Lamb?"

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender memories thrilled.

Ended the song the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all; good night, my friends;
God grant you sweet repose."

Out spoke the captain: "Sing one more."
The soldier bent his head;
Then smiling, as he glanced around,
"You'll join with me," he said,

"In singing this familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus's name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought;
As on and on he sang,
Man after man fell into line,
And loud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain
Above the tree tops tall;
The "everlasting hills" called back,
In answer, "Lord of all."

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But, ah! the death of every soul
By those old hymns was stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip
Rises, in murmurs low,
The prayer the mother taught her boy
At home long years ago.

—[E. V. Wilson.

HARVEST MOON.

Faded the last faint blush of evening's rose,
And shadows gather in the sleeping vale,
Where silent now, the rippling streamlet flows
Beneath the mist, that, rising dim and pale,
Hovers above it like a silver veil,
Hiding the tears upon the closed-up flowers,
That seem to weep for the day's vanished hours.

Across the heavens a mellow radiance steals,
The mist grows brighter, and the silver stream
Reflects the tender light which half reveals
Earth's loveliness, and, like an infant's dream,
Makes all things beautiful and holy seem;
The harvest moon along the autumn sky
Holds her fair sway and bids the darkness fly.

O'er fallen leaves, o'er hill, and vale, and plain,
O'er ripened fruit and field of golden grain;
O'er lovers, lingering in the mystic light,
Whispering fond words beneath the silent night,
O'er the great city in its solemn rest,
O'er wealth and poverty, the worst, the best,
Her luster falls, and, through the listening air,
Breathes but of peace and beauty everywhere.
Serene and pure she mounts the azure heaven,
Telling the wondrous love her God to man has given.

—[All the Year Round.

HOW THE FRUIT TURNED RED.

One day when September was leaving the orchard,
Cheerily singing her pastoral song,
And twirling a garland, she met October,
Brown as a berry, a coming along.

They met and were glad, for they loved one another,
She flew to his arms like an innocent dove;
And the birds twittered sweetly and called to each other,
And even the winds seemed to whisper, "In love!"

They kissed, and the leaves on the trees all about them
Fluttered and rustled, and visibly flushed;
The peach, and the pear, and the quince, and the apple
Saw the sweet sight, and on seeing it—blushed.

—[Boston News.

A TRUE MAN.

"Are my biscuits light, John?" asks the charming young wife,
As she smiles on her husband, and he,
With emphasis, answers, "They're lovely, my life,
As light as the foam of the sea."

"Is the steak cooked to suit you?" she gently inquires,
And he says, as he smilingly nods,
"It might have been cooked at celestial fires,
And is tender enough for the gods."

"And the coffee, that pleases you, too, does it, dear?"
She asks, overjoyed with his praise,
Which rather than strains of sweet music she'd hear.
"I never drank better," he says.

So she sits down beside him and with him partakes,
And the rigid, no doubt, will confess
That if John tells her lies in the answers he makes,
He's a gentleman, nevertheless.

—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Miscellany.

HIS PERSONAL DIGNITY INTACT

An Episode in Chicago High Life Reported by the Tribune.

He was no longer young. Time had not bent his form nor sapped his physical energies, but had laid its hand gently on his head, silvering a thread here and there, and had touched with kindly fingers his brow, cheek and temple, leaving faint yet indelible traces of the caress. In the firm, even tones of his voice there was no suggestion of failing powers. His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated.

"It is true, Miss. Mildred," he said, "that there is some disparity in our ages, but that is a peculiarity that will become less noticable as the years roll by. Call to mind the cases within your own knowelege. Miss. Mildred," he continued, leisurely uncrossing his legs and crossing them again inversely," in which the husband is about the same age as his wife, but looks a dozen years younger. The tendency of the humdrum home life is to make the wife become aged more rapidly, while the husband, on account of his inevitable connection with the busy world, retains his freshness for a much longer period."

"That is a strange argument for a man to use, Mr. Marshmallow—"

"Beg pardon, Miss Mildred, but no argument is a strange one for a man to use who is pleading his suit at the court of beauty."

And Mr. Marshmallow smoothed out a crease in his coat sleeve and looked smilingly at the young lady.

"But—"

"Beg pardon again, Miss Mildred. This is no ordinary affair with me, I assure you. I am deeply—I may say intensely—in earnest. In matters of this kind I never trifle."

"But let me say, Mr. Marshmallow—"

"Don't be hasty, Miss Mildred, I beg of you. Remember I am offering you my hand and heart, and that I fully mean what I say."

"I understand you, sir," replied the proud young girl, with something like a shiver, "and I respectfully decline."

"What!"

Mr. Marshmallow was both surprised and indignant.

"Is it possible I have heard you aright, Miss Mildred?" he asked.

"It is, sir. I do not know of any reason I have ever given you to suppose I would listen to a proposition of marriage from you."

"And you refuse?"

"I do, sir, emphatically. Further than that, sir, you will permit me to say I consider you presumptuous and forward to an unpardonable degree."

Mr. Marshmallow slowly uncrossed his legs, rose to his feet, drew himself up to his full height, took his hat, cane and gloves, and with the manner of a man deeply injured, but personally superior to misfortune he said to the young woman as he made his way with unruffled dignity to the door:

"It grieves me beyond measure, Miss Mildred, to hear you speak in this disrespectful way to a man old enough to be your grandfather."

THE BRAZIL CABLE.

A New and Important Connection with South American Countries.

The new cable connecting Brazil and the eastern coast of South America, is controlled, says the New York *Tribune*, and owned exclusively by French capitalists, and extends from Santiago de Cuba to Mole St. Nicholas, Hayti, thence by cable to Puerto Plata, San Domingo; by land line to San Domingo City, thence by cable to the Island of Curacoa, in the Caribbean sea, to La Guayra, Venezuela, connecting with the regular telegraph system; and from San Domingo to Martinique and the French West Indies, thence to Cayenne, in French Guiana, and by cable to Vizue and Para, in Brazil, thus opening a short and direct route from the United States to Brazil and the eastern coast of South America, connecting with the Cuba sub-marine at Santiago de Cuba, and with the Western Union and American cable system in the United States and to Europe. Heretofore telegrams for Brazil and the eastern coast of South America had to be sent via London and Falmouth to Portugal and across to Rio de Janeiro, or via Galveston to Catzecoala or Vera Cruz, Mexico, across that country and down the west coast of South America, to Valparaiso and by land lines over the Andes mountains to Buenos Ayres. During the late trouble in the Argentine Republic and now in Chili these routes have been interrupted a good part of the time, and caused great delay in the transmission of telegrams. It will be readily seen how important to the business world this new connection with Brazil and South America will be, especially to our American shipping and business interests.

NOT A STUDENT OF HISTORY.

Scene in a Chicago Club According to The Truthful Tribune.

He was sitting in one chair and had his feet on another and was leisurely glancing over a foreign paper. Finally he laid the paper aside, yawned, and asked a fellow member of the club, who was sitting by the window watching the crowd on the street, what V. R. stood for.

"V. R.?" repeated the other. "How should I know? Where did you see it?"

"In the paper," was the reply. "It's some foreign business, I guess. The article speaks of the beautiful way it has been worked on a cushion by a London seamstress. Fine piece of work I understand."

"Anything to do with the nobility," asked the man by the window.

"I shouldn't wonder. It speaks of its being sent to some castle or other."

"It must stand for Victoria Regina," said the man by the window.

The man in the two chairs lit a fresh cigar, and after getting it started asked: "Who's that?"

"Who!" exclaimed the other, turning away from the window in surprise. "Why, the Queen of England, of course—Queen Victoria."

"Of course! of course!" He took a few puffs at his cigar, and then said, lazily: "I suppose I am awfully ignorant, but I never paid much attention to history, and I don't believe I ever heard her last name before."

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

A helping hand—one with money in it. —[Washington Star.

There are no round trip tickets to the next world.—[Dallas News.

Eve is the only woman who never turned around "to see what the other woman had on."—[Puck.

An Oregon man wants to trade a mule for a wife. Some men never know when they are well off.—[Texas Siftings.

They talked of a standard "pitch" for pianos. (The next door neighbor has no voice in the matter).—[Columbus Post.

"Do you believe monkeys talk?" "No. They chatter." "But they seem to understand each other." "O, well! What of it? So do dudes."—[Brooklyn Life.

St. Peter—"So this is Mme. Patti?" La Diva—"Yes, I have had my last farewell." St. Peter—"Tut, tut, now, our rules are stringent about that sort of thing."—[New York Sun.

Punsby—"The vital flavor of wit is its entire unexpectedness. Now——" Criticus—"Then, by that test what a wit you must have, for I am sure nobody expects it."—[Baltimore American.

"Just look at the tin soldier!" said one giddy young thing, as the drum-major passed by. "He is not a tin soldier," said the other. "He is a band-it."—[Indianapolis Journal.

She—"Is that friend of yours whom you are expecting a tall man?" He—"About six feet two inches. Why do you ask?" She—"Because in that case I shall have to dust the ornaments on the top shelf."—[Der Schalk.

Seen From the Car Window.

Fields of golden rod and wild hollyhock—meadows of daisies and fragrant clover—the blue of a tranquil summer sky all over.

A Jersey cow looking with great fawn-like eyes through the apertures of a rail fence.

The summer kitchen of an old farmhouse—in the doorway a gray-haired woman with a pan of fruit in her lap. She ceases paring to watch the cars rush by.

A farm boy with a yellow straw hat and blue overalls driving a flock of geese leisurely down the road.

A woman with a red calico dress in a garden of cabbages of peculiar shade of green.

Tall cornstalks waving green ribbons in the breeze.

Some little children in gay sunbonnets with berry baskets on their arms. They have berry stains on their faces and they stop to look at the train go by.

A red barn with a weather vane. A background of green trees meeting the blue sky beyond.

Some haystacks and an orchard where the fruit trees are laden with fruit.

A smooth country road, a yellow road cart and a black pony with silver trappings, a footman. The driver a fair-haired girl, with white hat, white fleecy veil and blazer, driving to the station at train time.

Had to Ask Papa.

An amusing story is told of Commodore P. Vedder by the Buffalo *Express*. While a young man, teaching school, he had occasion to punish a mischievous girl, and as was usual in that day and locality, was about to resort to the ferule. To the offending maid he said: "Miss ——, give me your hand." She dropped her head and blushed. Again he said, sternly: "Miss ——, I say, give me your hand." Slowly lifting her eyes she remarked: "Mr. Vedder, this is embarrassing for me. You should not make such proposals in public. However, you must ask my papa first."

How She Got the News.

Mrs. S., opening the window as she saw the telegraph boy passing by: "Is that a telegram for me?" "No, marm." "Anybody dead?" "No, marm." "Somebody's coming, I s'pose." "Yes, Miss Dobson is coming to visit Miss Johnson." "When is she coming?" "This afternoon at 6 o'clock." "Well, you had better hurry along. I thought it was for me when I saw you coming this way." Shutting the window. "There, I have got the news before she has, and did not have to pay for it, either."

The Soul of an Artist.

"Aw, me man," said Chappie, "these clothes don't fit me figuah at all."

"I know they don't," said the tailor, sadly. "But actually I couldn't bring myself to butcher up good cloth in the shape necessary to fit you".—[Indianapolis Journal.

HE KNEW ITS CLASS,

But Wouldn't Give It Away Until the Proper Time.

The old professor is a little near-sighted, and the boys thought they would fool him. They got some pieces of cloth and fixed them up in the shape of a most wonderful bug. Then they got some real bugs and brought the whole lot to the professor.

He examined first one and then another, and gave the popular and scientific names of each, together with a little talk about the peculiarities of each, and the boys appeared grateful in the extreme.

Then he came to the cloth bug. He looked at it in a puzzled way for a moment, and then went to the cabinet for his microscope, but the boys had removed it. He came back to the table, adjusted his glasses, and scrutinized the bug more closely than before.

"Is it a rare specimen, professor?" asked one of the boys innocently.

The professor said he couldn't remember that he had ever seen its like before.

"Still," he said, looking extremely wise, "I notice certain peculiarities that convince me that I know the class to which it belongs."

"But you wouldn't care to give the bug a name, would you?" asked the spokesman, while the others tried to look solemn.

"Why, yes," said the professor, blandly.

"IS IT A RARE SPECIMEN?"

"From such an examination as I am able to make without a microscope I should class it as a humbug."

Then the boys looked at each other and solemnly filed out without answering the professor's invitation to call again when they secured another rare specimen.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

In Which the Answers Are Shaped to Accommodate Present Ideas.

Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, base ball grounds, cricket fields and skating rinks.

What portion of the globe is water?

About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it.

What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and lend money on 15 per cent interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town, with a mayor, who believes the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross walk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing $5 for a day or two, and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races.

Horse race, boat race, bicycle race and racing around to find a man to indorse your note.

Into how many classes is mankind divided?

Six—being enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage, too utter, not worth a cent and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which have the most wars and the worst laws and produce the most criminals.

How many mot'ons has the earth?

That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home.

What is the earth's axis?

The lines passing between New York and San Francisco.

What causes day and night?

Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street cars and going home to supper.

What is a map?

A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him one under the eye.

What is a mariner's compass?

A jug holding four gallons.—[Galveston Tribune.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

Graphic Description of Ochiltree and His Lecture.

One of the best stories about typographical errors is told by a New York newspaper man who was at the time a proof-reader on the Dallas *Commercial*. He lost his job through the carelessness of the foreman in marking two sets of "Y" copy and hanging it on the hook at the same time, says the St. Louis *Republic*. The mistake resulted in about the funniest newspaper "bull" ever heard of, by reason of the fact that the separate takes of the different copy fitted together without a break. From Ochiltree, the self-confessed ex-congressman and famous disciple of the science hyperbole, made a speech at the opera house on the evening in question, and on the afternoon of the same day a mad dog had been killed in the streets. Perhaps fate recognized an affinity between Ochiltree and a mad-dog. At any rate, the first "take" of the Ochiltree report and the second "take" of the mad-dog item got mixed, and this is the way the two paragraphs appeared in the paper the next morning:

"Hon. Thomas P. Ochiltree lectured at the opera house last night to an audience that was inclined to be indulgent. Before the hour set for the lecture the familiar figure of the eloquent Texan was prominent on the stage, where he sat talking to Col.——. Promptly at 8 o'clock the colonel arose and in a few appropriate remarks introduced the speaker of the evening, who bowed and advanced to the front of the stage.

"With his tail tucked between his legs he began to howl, to snarl and to snap at everything in sight. He frothed at the mouth, he slobbered and he pouted. His long and ugly tongue hung out nearly a foot over his left jawbone. It was black an heavy. A citizen, recognizing that in such a condition he was a menace to life, fished out a Colt's revolver from his hip pocket and drew a bead on him. A sharp, whip-like report rang out and a pistol ball penetrated the brute's left eye. He gave an agonized yelp, fell over on his left side and expired."

NO MIRACLE IN THIS.

A Mind Cure Which Showed the Power of One Woman's Will.

"One of the most striking instances of 'mind cure' I ever saw," said Judge W——one day, "was exhibited in an old lady client of mine, but it was a case of self-cure. Her name was Norton. She had been a second wife. She was in bed, seriously ill, and sent for me to draw up her will.

"I hastened to the house with paper and pen. I found a table and chair ready for me at the woman's bedside, and in a few moments told her I was ready to prepare the will if she would tell me what she wished its provisions to be. I wrote the introductory phrase rapidly, and leaning over toward her, said: 'Now, go on, Mrs. Norton.'

"Her voice was quite faint, and she seemed to speak with an effort. She said: 'First of all I want to give the farm to my sons, Harry and James; just put that down.'

"'But,' said I, 'you can't do that, Mrs. Norton; the farm isn't yours to give away.'

"'The farm isn't mine!' she said, in a voice decidedly stronger than before.

"'No, the farm isn't yours. You have only a life interest in it.'

"'This farm that I've run for goin' on 43 years next spring, isn't mine to do what I please with it? Why not, judge? I'd like to know what you mean?'

"'Why, Mr. Norton—your husband—gave you a life estate in all his property, and on your death the farm goes to his son John, and your children will get the city houses.'

"'And when I die John Norton is to have this house and farm whether I will or no?'

"'Just so.'

"'Then I ain't going to die,' said the old woman, in a clear and decidedly ringing healthful voice.

"And so saying she threw her feet over the front of the bed, sat up, gathered a blanket and coverlid about her, straightened up her gaunt form, walked across the room and sat down in a chair before the fire. The doctor and I came home. That was fifteen years ago. The old lady's alive to-day."—[Harrisburg Telegram.

A MOVABLE SIDEWALK

To be One of the Features of the World's Fair.

October 7th next the World's Fair grounds at Chicago will be open to visitors for the inspection of the progressing work, and for their accommodation there is being constructed an electric railway of a most ingenious and novel character, having a capacity to carry 30,000 passengers per hour with the greatest comfort, convenience and safety. The railway department of the Thomson-Houston Electric company has closed a contract with the Columbian Movable Sidewalk company for the electrical and steam equipment of the movable sidewalk which is now being installed. The mechanical and electrical plans and details have been carefully worked out by Mr. G. K. Wheeler, of the company, and under his supervision the entire plant will be installed.

By the time named above, there will have been completed a large number of buildings, and there will be much to attract and interest visitors. The electric railway, however, will be one of the leading novelties and attractions. This railway will differ from ordinary railways, in that the passengers are transported on a movable sidewalk instead of box cars of the ordinary type. The scheme is the invention of the Columbian Movable Sidewalk company, of Chicago, and is being constructed under their patents.

This sidewalk is located on the improved and unimproved portions of Jackson Park, and is to be constructed on an elevated structure 25 feet high and 900 feet long, in the form of an ellipse, and is to consist of 75 cars, each 12 feet long, connected together, making one solid train. There is to be constructed two parallel sidewalks, one running at the rate of two miles an hour, the other at four, both walks moving in the same direction. The passengers can step from the stationary walk to the one which moves at the rate of two miles an hour, and if it is desired to move at a greater speed they can step from this walk to the one running at four miles per hour. The passengers can safely walk upon either of the movable sidewalks while in motion, if desired. The structure will be illuminated at night by a number of incandescent lights, and as the grounds are to be illuminated with arc lights a satisfactory view thereof can be obtained during the evening as well as during the day.

Three of the 75 cars are to be equipped with two 15-horse power railway motors each, mounted upon wheels 18 inches in diameter. As the car platform, or sidewalk, is arranged it is perfectly level with the stationary walk, allowing the trolley wire to be placed beneath the surface of the platform, and the current taken therefrom by means of small trolleys attached beneath the car floors.

The operation of this train of cars will be arranged in a novel manner, doing away with the use of motormen, the entire train being controlled and operated by one man. There will be constructed at a central point, at one side of the track, a controlling station, which will contain a main switch, reversing switch, automatic circuit breaker, lightning arrester, ampere meter and rheostats, all arranged so they can be operated by the attendant, from that point, who will have the train under perfect control. As an additional safeguard, pushbuttons will be arranged at twelve equal distant points along the line of track which will be connected with an electric bell and the circuit breaker in the controlling station, and in case of accident to any of the mechanism of the train an attendant can, by pressing the button, automatically open the circuit at the station and stop the train instantly without the assistance of the operator.

The power for the operation of the sidewalk will be furnished by a 110 h. p. multipolar compound wound railway generator, located in a power-house adjacent to the track. And in connection with the generator there will be placed a suitable switchboard, regulating, controlling and indicating devices.

AT DAN CUPID'S EXPENSE.

"They have a skeleton in their closet, I am certain." "You are wrong. It is one of those patent dress forms. I saw it myself."—[Harper's Bazar.

Suitor—I have come, sir, to ask you to give me your daughter's hand. Paterfamilias—Why, sir, when I last saw it it was in your possession.—[Bazar.

"Carry, I want you to be one of my bridemaids." "You are my dearest friend, Sally, but you are asking too much." "Too much! Why?" "I've just become engaged to your fiance."—[Life.

"I feel like a queen—and you all are my pages," said the popular girl to the group of dudes surrounding her. "Nearly enough to make a blank book," remarked her envious rival.—Bazar.

Imitated Her Elders.

A big policeman found a little 4-year-old girl trudging along on Niagara street one evening, and as she appeared to be lost he stopped her and asked her where she lived. She gave a number on West avenue.

"And are you trying to find your way there? Are you lost?" asked the policeman.

"Yeth, thir."

"Well, you're going in the wrong direction. Come with me and I'll take you home."

The child walked along contentedly enough. The distance was only a couple of blocks. But when she got within sight of the house she stopped and, turning a troubled face to her escort, said:

"You'd better not come any farder, for my papa keepth a dog and mamma doethn't allow me to have company at nighth, but step round to the back door thum time when they're away and I'll give you a piece of cake."

Evidently the little lady had been out walking with the servant girl at some time.—[Buffalo Express.

A Traveler's Story.

"Once I hear I of a remarkable instance of cheek while I was traveling in Texas for a rope firm," said the concentrated-lye salesman.

The others settled themselves in anticipation.

"A local exhorter," he continued, "who had already been refused trust sixteen times in the same saloon, was finally shot in the jaw by the irate barman, but the ball fell flattened on the floor."

"There's nothing so very remarkable about that," remarked a party present.

"Perhaps not, but picking up the flattened ball he went to the next door and passed it for a nickel."—[Philadelphia Times.

They Never Marry.

"When I marry I shall try to be sure of one thing, and that is, that I have a woman of sense."

"You mean a woman of prudence and forethought with fine perceptions and a knowledge of human nature?"

"Yes, that's it exactly."

"But they are just the ones who never marry."—[Life.

Our Serial Story.

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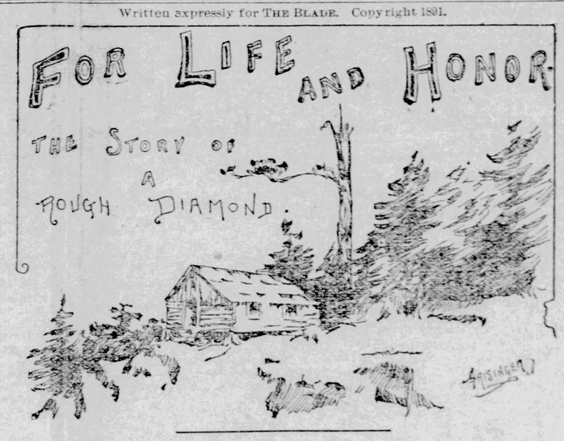

CHAPTER VIII.

BERNSTEIN AND IRMA.

Mr. Bernstein, surviving partner of the firm of Tempest & Co., bankers, was a gentleman of only medium size, with a decidedly Hebraic cast of countenance, black, curly hair, which was always shining with pomatum, and his mustache correspondingly waxed. He always wore a neat fitting business suit of dark shade, but his natural love of bright colors and ornaments was allowed to find partial vent in a gay colored scarf, ornamented with a diamond pin, and a couple of finger rings much larger than severe taste would have approved.

After the murder of Mr. Tempest, his partner, Colonel Vandeveer, the oldest friend of the dead man, had been appointed legal administrator of his estate, and after ascertaining the exact condition of his business, had allowed his interest in the banking business to remain. Mr. Bernstein had been for a long time in the employ of the firm with which Colonel Vandeveer and Mr. Tempest had been connected in San Francisco; and when the former gentlemen had retired from the firm, Bernstein, who had been for a year or two engaged in business on his account in the clothing line in Rosita, made such glowing representations to Mr. Tempest of the financial advantages which would accrue from the establishment of a bank in that thriving mining town, that he made a visit thereto, in order to examine the situation for himself. Finding the opening about as promising as Bernstein had reported it to be, he had removed thither and established the bank, with Bernstein as junior partner. His nephew George, who was his nearest relative and his heir, had accompanied him, of course. But Mr. Tempest was desirous that George should work in business on his own account, in place of taking a clerk's position in the bank, and the young man had entered the office of a company controlling several of the mines near Rosita, in which corporation Mr. Tempest was a large stockholder.

Mr. Tempest was an extremely methodical man, and in examining his private papers Col. Vandeveer found his will. This document, after making a number of minor bequests, gave to Harry and Kate Vandeveer, "the children of my highly and respected and esteemed former partner and life-long friend, Col. Henry Vandeveer," each $100,000, while the residue of the estate, both real and personal, amounting to over a half million, was given unreservedly to his nephew George, who, with Col. Vandeveer, were made the executors of the will.

Col. Vandeveer was sorely perplexed over this trust. At first he was inclined to believe in the guilt of George from the weight of circumstantial evidence against him, but after Harry's return to San Francisco he had consented to suspend judgment until he should be placed in possession of all the facts bearing upon the murder known to George. As soon as the telegram, "John Powell," had been received by Harry, the colonel deposited a large sum of money in a San Francisco bank to the credit of the aforesaid John Powell, and immediately telegraphed to St. Louis an announcement of that fact.

Banking hours were over for the day, and Mr. Bernstein, after seeing that everything was attended to, started homeward. Something was evidently weighing upon his mind, for frequently he muttered to himself as he walked moodily onward.

He made his home with the family of a distant connection—a cousin, in fact, who had become his successor in the clothing business when he had embarked all his available funds in the bank.

After tea he made an elaborate toilet, not forgetting another generous supply of oil to his black, curly locks, and to replace the scarf he had worn during the day by one still more gaudy in hue, to which he transferred the diamond pin. He took an approving view of his outward appearance, and sallied forth, directing his steps to the edge of the town, where the Montaldo residence was situated.

This was a composite structure. In the days before the fact had been discovered that the rugged mountains which frowned over the valley were rich in mineral, it had been a Mexican farmhouse, built in the same style, though of smaller size, as the typical Mexican hacienda. Some years before Senor Montaldo had purchased it and had added thereto an addition in the American style. When the mining fever had struck that locality, however, he had invested much of his wealth in various mining projects, which had proved futile. He had then abandoned, at least apparently, all further investments in mining stocks. The establishment was in somewhat of a dilapidated condition, owing to the embarrassed position of its owner.

Bernstein marched directly up to the rather pretentious main entrance, which was situated in the later portion of the structure. The hall door was wide open, and as he ascended the steps the two or three mongrel dogs which were lying in the hall, came flying out, barking furiously.

Bernstein was obliged to use his cane vigorously to repel the assault, and might not even then have been successful, had not an old woman come running through the hall, broom in hand, who wielded her weapon so vigorously as to send the curs yelping down the hall, toward the kitchen.

"Ah, Pepita," said Bernstein, patronizingly, "you came just in time. Those scoundrelly dogs attacked me as if I were a robber. Ah, can I see Senorita Irma?"

Pepita looked at him with a scowl on her dark features, and merely replied: "I will see, Senor," conducted him into the parlor and retreated up stairs.

Bernstein seated himself and gazed around the shabby room with the air of a man familiar with his surroundings. The furniture was of a gaudy, but cheap character, and the once bright-colored satin upholstery was faded and dingy, with many a rent made by long usage. The carpet was worn until its texture was so thin that the boards could almost be seen through it. The lace curtains, had any one inspected them closely, would have shown many places where careful hands had repaired their worn texture. The room was clean, yet it wore a neglected appearance, as if it were in the hands of servants without careful oversight. Bernstein's glance took in every detail, apparently, and a sarcastic smile wreathed his lips as he turned to the door and watched expectantly for Irma's entry.

Irma had lost her mother at an early age, and with her brother had been left to grow up as best she might under the care of old Pepita and the servants of her father's household. Her mother had been the daughter of a German merchant, who had drifted to Mexico and settled in Matamoras. Here young Estevan Montaldo had met the German's pretty daughter, Irmengarde, whom he wooed and won. After five years of wedlock she had died, leaving two children, Jose and Irma, the latter being named from her mother.

Bernstein grew impatient as the minutes rolled by, and he was still left alone. It was fully twenty minutes before Irma entered the room. She bowed distantly to him and took a seat near the open window. Her face was pale—so pale that it looked sallow by contrast with the black dress which she wore. A few civil commonplaces passed between them, the girl evidently replying as briefly as possible to the observations volunteered by her visitor. Bernstein noticed this, and his self-assurance seemed to fail him slightly.

Finally the conversation lapsed into silence, and Bernstein, after fidgeting uneasily in his seat for a few minutes, rose with an air of dogged determination, and drawing a chair near to the girl, seated himself with the remark:

"Senorita Irma, it seems needless for me to state to you the object of this visit. May I ask you to answer me the question that I put to you nearly two weeks ago."

The girl's face grew still paler at his words, and in her dusky eyes there was that look which is seen in those of a hunted animal when it realizes that the death struggle has come. She was silent for an instant, and then impulsively rising to her feet, she answered in a husky voice:

"Senor—it is—it is impossible."

Although it was the answer which he had expected, a flush rose to the brow of Bernstein.

"Impossible, Irma. Why is it impossible that you should be my wife?"

He also rose and stood confronting the girl. Lifting her eyes to his, he said:

"One should not marry without love; and—pardon me, Senor—I can not love you."

"Love? A silly dream—a matter of moonshine—a disease, which afflicts only romantic boys and moonstruck girls! Marriage is a partnership; it is a business matter, and not the fool's paradise which you seem to think. Who ever saw a couple after even two short years of matrimony who were idiotic fools you seem to think they should be? If that is all the reason you have, I say it is not impossible."

A sneer wreathed his lips as he waited for her reply. Irma drew herself up and replied with dignity:

"I can not agree with you, sir. I shall never marry a man whom I do not love, and I say again, Senor, that I do not—can not—love you."

"Then, you refuse my suit?" shouted Bernstein furiously, his anger rising.

"I mean that I do not know you would do me," replied Irma, coldly.

Bernstein's dark features worked convulsively with rage. Poor fool, his every action gave the lie to the sentiments he had been uttering concerning the master passion; for it was plain to be seen that he was deeply, furiously in love with the girl who stood before him.

"Hold, my lady," said he, haughtily. "Where is your father? Call him hither and then tell me that you will not marry me."

"My father is absent from home."

"When will he return? Send a servant to summon him."

"I have said that he is not at home. Four days ago he went to Sonora on business. He has not yet returned."

Bernstein was evidently taken aback. "When will he be at home?" he asked, abruptly.

"I do not know. When he visits Sonore he is generally gone a week. I will expect him at that time."

"Very well, then," fumed Bernstein, "I will give you three days till he returns—know, then, proud girl, that if on his return you do not become my wife, I will have him arrested for the criminal that he is. Ruin and disgrace will follow. Think well over this matter in the time yet left you."

"RUIN AND DISGRACE WILL FOLLOW!"

Irma leaned for support upon the back of her chair. "You insult me, and you insult my father! He a criminal! Where are your proofs?"

"Proofs!" shrieked he. "Proofs! I have the proofs, never fear." And hastily reaching into an inside pocket, he produced a large pocket-book, from which he began with nervous haste to extract several papers.

Suddenly he stopped and a look of cunning malignity shot across his face as he lifted his eyes to the pale girl. Then, as if his purpose was changed, he replaced the papers and returning the book to his pocket, he took a step nearer to the girl and hissed in her ear:

"When your father returns, ask him this one question—where was he the night that my partner, Tempest, was murdered?"

"What do you mean?" shrieked the girl, grasping his arm in terror.

"What do I mean?" repeated Bernstein, a fiendish sneer distorting his face. "I mean that your father murdered Tempest!"

With a wild shriek, Irma fell senseless at his feet.

CHAPTER IX.

TEMPEST'S EXPLANATION.

A week passed after Harry Vandeveer had received the message by telegraph from George Tempest, under his assumed name, at St. Louis. Then there arrived by mail a bulky package, addressed in Tempest's well known handwriting.

"At last," shouted Harry, as he received it from the postman's hands. And hurrying up to his own room, which was situated immediately over the library, he locked the door in order that he might not be interrupted, and seated himself for its perusal, for by its aid he hoped to obtain the necessary information to begin the work of clearing his friend from the awful charge of murder. He hastily tore the letter open and began to read. It opened with a brief statement of his horseback trip over the mountains the night that he parted from Harry and the two girls near San Rafael, and his subsequent journey until he reached St. Louis. This portion of the letter was unimportant, and Harry let his eye glide rapidly over it until the point where George began his narration of the events preceding his uncle's murder. The letter ran thus:

"I did not see my uncle until the evening of the day—the same night that he was murdered. After returning to the hotel from my office and getting supper, I went to make a call—where, it is unimportant, I think. I returned about 9 o'clock, and was told that my uncle had been anxiously inquiring for me, and had left word that I should call on him immediately on my return, even it were midnight. I was much surprised at this summons, and lost no time in repairing to my uncle's house. I knocked and was admitted by himself. He merely expressed his joy that I had come at last, and hurried me into his room, locking the door as we entered. He appeared very much excited. I inquired the cause, and he at once informed me that he was afraid that his partner, Bernstein, was acting the rascal. You know Uncle Henry's peculiar way when he is in a temper. You and I, in those happy days when we were boys together, and I had angered him by some youthful freak, used to laugh at his habit of 'blowing off,' as we termed it, until his anger was somewhat cooled, when he would sit down quietly and reason the matter with me or with us, as the case might be. He did the same thing on this occasion. His anger had been gathered during the hours that he had been waiting me, and he strode up and down the room for some time, fiercely declaiming against Bernstein, anathematizing his own folly for ever engaging in business with him, and finally upbraiding me for not remaining in the bank—unmindful of the fact that it was his own desire that I should enter the mining company's office and represent his interests there.

"When he became cooler, I asked him to give me a detailed statement of the matter, which he did, giving way to several outbursts of rage during the recital. In brief, the story as he told it to me was this: He had received some business letters during the day which had made into a package to take home with him and answer in the evening. Immediately after tea he had sat down to reply to them, when for the first time he found that they had been forgotten—that he had left them at the bank. He deemed it important that the answers should be sent off by the morning mail, and so repaired to the bank to obtain them. It was, of course, locked, but Uncle Henry always carried a duplicate key. The letters were not upon the desk in the little back office which he used, and after some consideration he recalled the fact that just before leaving in the afternoon, he had taken some papers and replaced them in the vault—papers which he had been obliged to refer to in the way of business during the day. It occurred to him that he might, in a moment of absent-mindedness, have placed the letters with them in the vault. He accordingly went to see.

"You were never in the bank, I think, and hence I will describe the construction of the vault to you. It is very heavy, and also capacious, being erected before the bullion was extracted through Rosita, and arranged for the storage of silver, until a sufficient quantity had accumulated to ship under guard. There is a row of shelves, in which are a number of boxes for the storage of valuable papers. Uncle Henry took down the one he desired, and on opening it was astonished to find that it was not the box he had used that afternoon, although occupying the identical place on the shelf. Further examination showed that the box had been displaced after he had left in the afternoon, and the one he desired was one place farther on the right. As he had supposed, he had carelessly placed his letters in it along with the other papers. Taking them, he turned his attention to the first box he had taken down. It should have contained a number of the securities of the Hecla Mining Company, left as collateral for a loan by one of the bank's customers. Instead, however, it contained the same number of shares of the Douglas Silver Mining Company, which, as you know, are utterly worthless, the mine being a wild cat concern.

"Uncle Henry was much excited, and immediately began to cast about to find who was responsible for the act. It was plain to him that it was none other than Bernstein, for these reasons: No one else ever entered the vault for any purpose, nor could any one else do so, as only those who knew the combination. But one clerk is employed in the bank, and his duties are exclusively at the counter and desk. The money, etc., needed for the day's transactions was taken out of the vault in the morning by either himself or Bernstein, and it was again locked. One or the other was constantly in the bank during business hours. Consequently, he at once came to the conclusion that none other than Bernstein was the person. There was one other proof of Bernstein's guilt. The shares had been placed in an envelope on which Uncle Henry had endorsed the circumstances, he having made the loan. The Douglas shares had been placed in the same envelope, but in making the transfer an old letter addressed to Bernstein had, evidently by accident, been also placed in the envelope. The letter itself was trivial, being nothing more than a notification from a firm of brokers in San Francisco, that his margin on a grain deal and had become exhausted and requesting him to put up an additional sum. With the clear proof, not only of Bernstein's agency in the matter, but that he was indulging in private speculations in grain, Uncle Henry became intensely excited. He replaced everything in the vault as it had been, and leaving the bank started out to find me at once. He then desired me to accompany him to the bank, late as it was, and make a thorough investigation, to see whether his speculations had extended any farther. We went at once, and made a thorough examination of the vault. Nothing else had been disturbed, nor could we find any evidence that anything else was wrong. Uncle Henry then asked me if I would go to Bernstein boarding place and ask him to step to the bank, saying that he desired to see him. It was then about half-past 10 o'clock. I attempted to dissuade him from his purpose, saying it would be better to wait until morning, but he was firm in his purpose to confront Bernstein immediately. So I yielded. Uncle Henry had taken one or two of the books to the little back room, and lighted a lamp, seated himself to run over them while I should be gone. The air in the bank was close, and I had taken off the light overco

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that have Reached the Blade Book Table.

A volume of poems for the King's Daughters, which have been selected and arranged by Florence Pohlman Lee, has been recently issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city. They have been taken from the works of the best writers, such as Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Dr. Holland, John Boyle O'Reilly and Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson. The book is prettily bound and upon the cover is to be seen the sign of the order, the silver cross with the letters which mean so much imprinted thereon.

A book of much interest also published by the Putnams is entitled "The Young Emperor, William II, of Germany," and further described upon the title page as "A Study in Character and Development Upon a Throne" by Harold Frederick, author of "In the Valley." At the present time, when there is so much of interest in the political situation in Germany, a work like the present is peculiarly timely.

"The New Theology" is another work published by the same house. Its author, John Bascom, is already well known by works in the same or a similar line of thought. After the preface and introduction the book is divided into five parts with the following as their subjects: "Naturalism;" "The Supernatural;" "Dogmatism;" "Pietism;" and "Spiritualism." The author offers much fresh thought expressed in a pleasant style and the volume is well worth a careful reading.

A new story has been recently brought out by Clark & Zugalla, 43 Gold street, New York City, written by the Southern author, Coyne Fletcher, known to the public by her popular story, "Me and Chummy." The present one is entitled "The Bachelor's Baby." The motive of the book, the author declares to be an expose of the masquerading of women in the scenes of luxurious idleness and irresponsibility.

In the Idle Moment series, published by the Price-McGill Co., St. Paul, Minn., comes "A Mistaken Identity," by O. F. G. Vaux. This is a romance of love and war, the time of the story being that of the revolutionary war. It is full of startling incident, and will be read with pleasure. The title page bears this inscription:

Robert Clark & Co., of Cincinnati, publish a manual for constables, marshals, policemen, and other ministerial officers in Ohio, with practical instructions and forms, by Florian Glauquet, the editor of the "Revised Statutes of Ohio, and many manuals for the understanding of the law. It is neatly bound in leather and printed in good clear type.

T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia, send in pamphlet form "Madam Bovary," a story of French country life, by the well known French author, Gustave Flaubert. The work is considered his masterpiece. It is full of incident from the first page to the last.

A pamphlet with the title, "Rum is Right, and Here is the Reason," by Frank Freelance, is published by the Freelance Publishing company, New York city. The author has evidently derived his idea from an article appearing some time ago in the *Popular Science Monthly*, from the pen of Mr. John McElroy, proving that vice is a factor in the betterment of the world, because it brings to an untimely end those who indulge in it excessively. The present volume is only a curiosity, showing how almost anything can have two sides for argument, but without the brilliancy characterizing the magazine article.

T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, issue in pamphlet form the following: "The Haunted Homestead, or The Bride's Ghost," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Accompanying the story is an autobiography of the author. Another one is a novel by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "Lindsay's Luck," a pretty love story which will pass an hour away pleasantly.

A little pamphlet comes to us entitled, "Success, or How to Earn an Independent Fortune," a very interesting Sunday evening lecture given by L. A. Emerlart, the president of the Chicago College of Science. It is a well written little work, replete with valuable facts and figures, showing how it is possible for any one to live well and yet attain a competency Popular Publishing Co., Chicago, Ills.

A FEW BRILLIANTS.

He who does nothing is very near doing ill.—[Montaigne.

Do the duty which lies nearest to thee! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We do most good to ourselves when doing for others.—[H. Mann.

Though the word and spirit do the main work, yet suffering so unbolts the door of the heart that the word hath easier entrance.—[Baxter.

Unbelief does nothing but darken or destroy. It makes the world a moral desert, where no Divine footsteps are heard, where no angels ascend and descend, where no living hand adorns the field, feeds the birds of heaven, or regulates events.—[Krummacher.

As we grow older, and sometimes a hope, sometimes a friend, vanishes from our path, the thought of an immortality will press itself forcibly upon us, and there, little by little, as the ant piles grain after grain, the garners of a future sustenance, we learn to carry our hopes, and harvest, as it were, our wishes.

The best way of overcoming most of the trials and difficulties we meet with is by boldly facing them, not trying to avoid them by turning to the right hand or to the left. Doing that, and leaving the straight path of duty, is sure to lead us into far worse errors. Then we must never forget that we have a Heavenly Father, who is always willing to keep us in the right way; and if we have left it for other paths that seemed far easier, and yet might lead us far, far astray, he is always ready to hear our cry and bring us back to the old paths.

Struck it Rich.

Mrs. Asa R. Wood, widow of a newspaper reporter of Washington, Pa., has been the recipient of about $20,000 at the hands of a wealthy gentleman of Idaho. Mrs. Wood has refused to give the name of her friend, and even now will not furnish it to newspaper men, but several persons have seen the drafts and other papers, and are able to give the name of the gentleman. It is William H. Jasper, of Lewiston, Idaho, a man supposed to be worth about $2,000,000. He is a bachelor and a relative of William H. Vanderbilt. Mr. Jasper, it is said, was acquainted with the husband of the woman he has befriended and admired him very much. Since their first meeting Mr. Jasper and Mrs. Woods have been corresponding, and about a week ago H. W. Rodgers, Mr. Jasper's attorney at Lewistown, went to Washington, Pa., with several deeds and seven sight drafts, the latter aggregating $80,000. The lady is about thirty-six years old and attractive personally.

His Bright Parrot.

Every man who has a parrot is always telling what a wonderful bird is his. A lawyer in New York owns one of these "talking devils." A friend went home with him to dinner recently, and when the two men approached the house, the lawyer said: "My parrot can recognize my footsteps as soon as it falls in the hall. When I open my door, he always cries out from a back room: 'Hallo, Will; come in here.' Now," added the lawyer, as he slipped his key into the latch, "just listen." They listened, and this is what they heard: "Hallo, Will, you old baldheaded fool, come in here." The lawyer for one minute looked as if a house had fallen on him. And it was all the fault of one of his brothers, who had heard the lawyer boast so often of his parrot that he taught the bird to insert the "bald-headed" part. Now he can't be broken of the habit.

A Very Smart Man.

Draggle—"Hello, old man! Just back from the seashore? What have you got in those big bundles?"

Popper—"Kodak negatives."

"Why, I didn't know that you were a camera fiend?"

"I'm not. I bought every negative I could find in the place, though, for there's no telling what pictures of me they may have. No breaches of promise for me if you please."

Her Successor Will Be a Beauty.

"I have one request to make," said the pretty typewriter, when she had accepted her employer's proposal of marriage.

"Name it, my love."

"Let me select my successor at the desk."—[N. Y. Sun.

COL. H. S. OLCOTT.

The Theosophist Who is Now in the United States.

Col. Henry S. Olcott is an American who has lived abroad for many years. He is president of the Theosophical society, and is in a very scornful mood regarding the excitement over theosophy coming from Mrs. Besant's conversion in England to the esoteric doctrine. Col.

COL. OLCOTT.

Olcott is of opinion that the English do not understand theosophy, and his only reason for delivering an address there was to vindicate the memory of Mme. Blavatsky as a performer of miracles.

Col. Olcott will spend but a short time in this country. He has been many years in India, whither he will proceed via Yokohama. Theosophy is not exactly understood in this country, but regarding it Col. Olcott spoke before the Theosophical society in Bombay, India, and said:

"We aim to revive the study of the Vedas and an inquiry into the alleged latent powers of the human soul stated to exist by many thousands of experimentalists in ancient times and our own days. We call upon every man of you and every lover of India to rally around us. Choose any man here of either of the old races represented and show us that he is the right man to lead in either branch of this reformatory movement and I will most gladly enlist as a common soldier under him. Come, let us labor together like brothers for the welfare of our motherland—India."

Col. Olcott thus looks upon India as his mother country instead of America. He has delivered several hundred lectures in India and Ceylon, and wishes it to be understood that the Theosophical society has no use for nihilists, dynamiters or communists. Anything that sounds mysterious or Eastern is agreeable to him. Col. Olcott, who was a New York newspaper writer, was sent, about 1871, to Rutland, Vt., to investigate the so-called "spiritualistic" phenomena of the Eddy Brothers. He believed fully in the alleged "wonders" they worked, which were fully exposed later as clumsy tricks. Here he met that strange adventuress, Mme. Blavatsky, who easily made him a convert to her ridiculous humbuggery, "Theosophy," and he has spent his life since then—whether as a dupe or an accomplice it is difficult to say—in the revival of ancient Indian paganism.

TIMING A CANNON BALL.

How This Nice Work is Conducted at Sandy Hook.

Capt. Heath has been burning a lot of powder this summer in the big guns at the United States proving ground at Sandy Hook, and to people who don't know a big gun from a mortar the most interesting part of these tests has been the method by which the initial velocity of the projectiles has been determined says the New York Sun. The difficulty of such a calculation is indicated by the fact that with our modern high-power gun the shot is often expelled at an initial velocity of 2,000 feet per second, which is at the rate of a mile in less than three seconds. Accurate knowledge of the velocity of a projectile is of the greatest importance to the ordnance officer, who has to predict the range of the shot and its penetration and to determine the accuracy and efficiency of the gun, of the powder, and of the projectile itself.

Capt. Heath finds fault with powder that gives an initial velocity of 1,885 feet per second to the 1,000-pound projectile of the new 12-inch rifle at Sandy Hook, when its velocity should be 1,975 feet per second. This is a difference of only 110 feet, and the instrument that records it must be capable of measuring the time interval to within the five-thousandth part of a second. A difference of two or three hundred feet in velocity means, in the big guns, an important difference in the powder used in the tests. At Sandy Hook a delicate electrical appliance called the Boulanger chronograph measures this velocity accurately, and records its own measurements. This is the way it does it:

In testing the large guns at these proving grounds two open frames are set up in front of the gun at a distance of 150 feet from each other. Wires are stretched back and forth across each of these frames, making a screen through which the projectile must pass. The wires in each of these screens form a complete electric circuit, which includes also an electric battery and an electric magnet. When the gun is fired the projectile breaks the wire in the first screen, interrupts the circuit, and at the same time the armature of the magnet is released. In a very small fraction of a second the projectile has covered the distance to the second screen and interrupted its circuit, releasing another armature. The interval of time between the drop of these two armatures represents the time taken by the projectile to travel 150 feet.

This period is so short that it is hardly conceivable. The Chronograph, however, registers it accurately. Wires run from each of these screens to the laboratory near them, where are placed the chronographs, batteries, switchboard, and other apparatus. The two electromagnets in circuit with the screens are installed in the chronograph. The first magnet has as an armature an iron rod about three feet long, which is suspended in a vertical position from its core. When the wires of the first screen are broken this iron rod falls. When the shot ruptures the wire of the second screen the armature of the second electro-magnet, which is placed a short distance below the first, is also released. It operates as a knife, and striking the side of the falling rod makes a slight mark. The distance through which the rod drops while the shot is passing from one screen to the other is indicated by the distance of the cut from the end of the rod. From this the corresponding interval of time is easily computed, and this forms the unit for the calculation of the projectile's velocity in feet per second. When it is necessary to obtain very accurate records several chronographs may be used for testing the same shot.

Of course, the rate of a projectile's velocity diminishes rapidly during its flight from the gun, and the calculations of the initial velocity must be confined to a short portion of its path immediately after it leaves the gun. Instantaneous photographs are obtained of the projectile as it strikes the target. From these experiments in velocity the ordnance officer is able to determine the relative strength of different powders.

WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

Foolish misses
Give their kisses
In a free and easy way;
And they wonder,
Think and ponder,
As to why they single stay;
But wise misses
Keep their kisses
Till they have upon their hand
His sweet, pleasant
Engagement present
In a solid golden band.
—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Their Fellow Heathens.

"A lot of newspaper men the other day heard, at Stratford, England, through a telephonic transmitter, the missionary exercises at a church in Birmingham, 30 miles away."

"Yes it was a contemptible beat."

"Why so?"

"When they heard the coin clinging in the collection box they simply chuckled."—[Kate Field's Washington.

His Crime.

"Where is Chappie, who used to play tennis with you?"

"He is not in our set any more."

"Banished, eh? What was the crime?"

"Why, he came to the tennis court with two sashes on that fitted him and were not turned up at the bottoms, doncher know."—[New York Press.

Takes After Him.

"Does young Carter take after his father, the colonel?"

"Yes, sah; he's a poker-chip of the ole block, sah."—[Judge.

TALES ON A POSTAL CAR

TOLD BY MEN WHO HANDLE MAILS.

The Head Clerk Entertains a Chicago Tribune Correspondent at the Rate of Fifty Miles an Hour—Postal Clerk's Life.

A postal clerk stood in the doorway of his car as the train pulled out of a Western city. As it traveled around the base of a hill the clerk fluttered his handkerchief to a group on the upland—his wife and two children returned the signal.

"They always come out to bid me goodnight in that way when I am leaving if the weather permits," said the clerk, "I shouldn't feel altogether right if they didn't."

Then he turned to his work as the train bounded ahead in the night.

"It is like everything else," he said, "in life. It has its unpleasant features, and its delights. Somehow, when a postal clerk does get into trouble he has a harder time than any one else. It seems so to me.

"I knew a young fellow who used to work on another division with me. He had passed the necessary examination, and after a long time got an appointment. He began doing the drudgery part of the work, as all beginners must —picking up the mail bags and throwing them off, and anything else he was ordered to do. The beginner is always a door-mat. Then one day after he had worked his way

ALL ABOARD.

up, about his first trip, as I remember, a money package was missed. It had been mailed on his car. He had receipted for it, but somehow it never reached its destination, and he was suspended pending an investigation. The result was not satisfactory to the inspector, and yet, as the inspector told me, there was little against the poor fellow. All the inspector could do under the circumstances was to refer the case to the district attorney. The grand jury turned the matter over and found no bill. One of the men on that jury was reported as saying that no one believed the boy was guilty, and yet there was no satisfactory explanation. The superintendent refused to reinstate. It broke the boy's heart. The fact that he remained poor and tried work wherever he could find it, sometimes of one sort and then of another, always at meager pay, confirmed my notion that he was innocent. But there he was, blacklisted, and it stood in his way wherever he went.

"What constitutes fine work in this business? That depends. Sometimes it is the getting of the job. But, to be serious, the most skillful work is in getting a misplaced pouch or a regular mail, for that matter, on its proper journey. The best illustrates a clerk's aptness. Suppose, for example, that in coming out of Chicago this train loses time so that it will be so late at

BURIED UNDER THE BAGS.

some connecting point that the train with which it is to connect has gone. Then comes the clerk's hour for sweating blood. He must know where he can leave the mail that is made up for places through which the train that did not wait passes. The clerk must know where he can throw the mail so that it will reach its destination the quickest. That means he must know every railroad and its various connections in his division. This division in which we are now working covers Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Indian territory. So the clerk must have a good hand for localities and names. There are eleven postal divisions in this country and 6,000 postal clerks do the work.

"You want to know how Uncle Sam pays the railroads? In dollars and cents I don't know, but generally speaking: The government pays mileage for cars and weight of mail according to mileage. That is to say, so much for so many pounds of mail carried a certain number of miles. We weigh the mail every day for thirty days, beginning on a certain date, and after that we average it, and the government pays the railroad companies once in two years.

REPAIRS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

What the President Found There on His Return.

During his absence various changes have been made in the decorations of the interior of the Executive mansion, which are likely to meet his approval, as they were authorized after consultation with Mrs. Harrison. When he enters the front door he will find the scaffolding still up in the vestibule, and the work of ornamenting the walls of that apartment pretty well advanced.

He will probably go into the private portion of the house first and view the improvements made in the green and red parlors, also the state dining room. The rooms up stairs are all in excellent condition, as the housekeeping force has been employed with scrubbing brush, broom and dustpan for several days past. The carpets have not been put down in any of the rooms, but the matting looks clean and fresh, and the beds most inviting.

The Presidential sleeping apartment, which adjoins the library, while not luxuriant, has rich, old fashioned furnishings, suggestive of comfort and sweet repose. On the mantel and dressing case are souvenirs of various Presidential excursions, including photographic groups in which the President is the central figure. A conspicuous decoration on the dressing case is a cabinet picture of the late ex-Senator McDonald of Indiana.

When the President goes into the cabinet room he will discover for the first time that the glass over the large sized picture of himself and his cabinet, which sits on a side table just behind the Presidential seat at the consultation table, has been shattered while he was away. Superstitious persons might regard such a calamity as an ill omen, indicating future breaks in the cabinet.—[Washington Dispatch.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

POPE LEO XIII.

Sketch of the Career of the Aged Potentate of the Vatican.

Leo XIII. is 81 years old. He was born in Carpinets, Central Italy, March 2, 1810. He belongs to an old patrician family. His name is Gioacchino Pecci. He studied at Viterbo, and at the College Romano was graduated in law and theology. He was a great student and admirer of the words of St. Thomas Aquinas. Pope Gregory XVI. in 1837, made young Pecci his chaplain. He was

POPE LEO XIII.

elected Bishop of Damietta in 1843, and appointed Nuncio to Belgium in the same year, where he remained until 1846. Then he became Archbishop and Bishop of Perugia. Pius IX. raised him to the dignity of a Cardinal, and he was elected Pope, February 21, 1878.

Although a strong advocate of the temporal dominion of the pope, Leo XIII. is opposed to radical measures and extreme views. He has literary tastes, and practically edited a great part of the records of the Papal court. Naturally there is always a certain amount of friction existing between the Quirinal, representing the temporal and secular power in Italy, and the Vatican. This is why there are such frequent reports of the pope's being about to leave Rome. Of late years Leo XIII. has been in great request as an arbitrator in international disputes. His decisions have been invariably been given with judgment and fairness. The pope has a gentle and very winning manner. He has been in ill-health for a long time, and in Rome and elsewhere there is much speculation as to his successor.

CAPTURED BY PIRATES.

Bloodthirsty Mosquitoes Board the Normania off Sandy Hook.

Captain Hebich, of the Hamburg-American ship Normania, has had an experience with "Jersey pirates," as he calls them, that he is not likely to forget.

"Early Saturday morning," said Captain Hebich, "when my ship was twenty-five miles off Sandy Hook, I saw a wedge-shaped black cloud swiftly moving in our direction. Seen through a marine glass the cloud was about ten miles long and three miles wide at its base, from whence it tapered to a point. When first seen it was about twelve miles off and the apex of the wedge was pointed directly at the vessel. The moving body obscured the sun, and, by the great tycoon! it was a cloud of mosquitoes.

"They enveloped the ship and attacked the passengers and crew with bloodthirsty voracity. Three hundred steerage passengers huddled on the deck were assailed by the thousands of vicious mites that attacked every exposed bit of skin. The men swore like pirates, the women yelled and the babies shrieked. No one ever saw such a pandemonium on shipboard. Had a vessel passed its officers would certainly have thought we had a mutiny on board. The crew and passengers rushed below, but they were no better off there than on deck, for the insects were so thick in the cabin that you could only with difficulty crowd through them.

"We got the crew on deck, but so busy were they kept slapping and fighting their tormentors that they could not work the ship. When we reached Sandy Hook a stiff breeze came up and blew the mosquitoes seaward.

"Every body on board," he concluded, "was swathed in bandages sopping with arnica, witch-hazel or ammonia. But you should have heard the emigrants' comments on a country infested by such blood-sucking creatures. Many of them said they would not remain here."

GEMS.

Fuss is the froth of business.—[Hood.

Whoever is out of patience is out of his soul.—[Bacon.

The curtain of the future is always drawn.—[John Bigelow.

Idleness is both a great sin and the cause of many more.—[South.

Ability involves responsibility. Power to its last particle is duty.—[Maclaren.

To be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods.—[Beaconsfield.

A man cannot learn to be wise any more than he learn to be handsome.—[H. W. Shaw.

For a while at least I think almost every man or woman is interesting when in love.—[Thackeray.

The world is so unjust that a female heart once touched is thought forever blemished.—[Steele.

We always live prospectively, never retrospectively, and there is no abiding moment.—[Jacobi.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—[Carlyle.

There is nothing which this age, from whatever standpoint we survey it, needs more, physically, intellectually and morally, than through ventilation. —[Ruskin.

I would rather dwell in a deep fog of superstition than in an air rarefied to nothing by the air pump of unbelief—in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—[Richter.

September.

In trailing robes of gold and crimson
dressed,
Serene she walks the woodland paths
along.
The purling streamlet threads its course
Soft, fringing grasses which her feet have
pressed.
Dame Nature greets her fair autumnal
guest
With full, rich melody of wild bird's
song;
While, at her feet, a humbly reverent
throng,
Each lowly aster bows its purple crest,
Beneath the steadfast gaze of her clear eye
The ivy blushes scarlet. All abroad
The maples lift their flaming torches high
To light her way where late the summer
trod.
So 'mid green fern and tossing goldenrod,
September walks 'neath autumn's radiant
sky.
—[Lucia M. Clayton.

Saw a Shade.

Mrs. Young (excitedly)—Did you see the figure in that window?

Mr. Young (nervously)—No; there wasn't any one there.

Mrs. Young—You goose, you, they have marked those lovely parasols down to a dollar.—[Lowell Citizen.

On Their Honeymoon.

He—"Do you think they have been married long?"

She—"No—on their honeymoon, I guess. She is trying to appear economical and he is trying equally hard to appear generous."—[New York Herald.

A Realist.

"Dobb of the Academy is a great stickler for the proprieties," said Sincere at the studio. "Why, when he painted his famous marine, 'The Dying Whale,' he did the whale in oil, and the sea in water colors."—[N. Y. Sun.

Limitation of a Theory.

Ethel—After marriage we two shall be one, shan't we, George?

George—Theoretically; though I doubt if they will make out the board bill that way.—[N. Y. Sun.

Class in Grammar, Stand Up.

Teacher in Elementary German—"Now, Miss Mildred, you may decline a kiss."

Miss Mildred (slowly)—"Excuse me, but I don't think a kiss can be declined. I never could decline one."—[University Magazine.

Unlike Toledo.

The duchy of Gotha is so prosperous that a bill has been introduced suspending all taxation for a period of three months.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Milking Heifer.

J. L., Iowa: You did right in drawing the milk from the udder of your heifer which became so distended with milk that inflammation was threatened. A common irritant, is milk that is allowed to become stagnant in the udder, clogging the ducts that lead to the teats.

Lame Mule.

W. D. P., Kansas: Wrap the mule's leg near fetlock with cloths wet with vinegar for a full day; after which rub in each day for a week over the bony formations, biniodide of mercury 1 dr., lard, 2 ozs. Apply a bit as large as a hickory nut every day. Wash off with warm water and soap in the evening, and then make another application after wiping dry. This is an absorbent blister. Heal with unsalted lard or butter. If, at the end of the week, the animal shows lameness, repeat.

Umbilical Hernia in Colts.

D. L., Kansas: Umbilical hernia is treated differently by practitioners. As good a way as any is to gently cast the colt, and gently return the bowel to the abdomen with the fingers. Have a band ready that will pass around the body snugly with buckles and straps on the ends terminating on the back. Clip the hair from over the swelling. Pull the skin together, but do not lap it. Then put healing sticking plaster over the part affected, and at once put on the band, leaving it there for several weeks. If sticking plaster cannot be had, a pitch plaster will answer. Another treatment is: Clip off the hair over the swelling, and apply nitric acid to the skin—only sufficient to moisten it. This sets up an adhesive inflammation, which in many cases closes the opening in the navel.

Propagation of Cherries and Plums.

D. L., Kansas: Cherries are grafted or budded on seedlings from cherry stones, and from seedlings of the red or black Mazzard. For dwarfing they are worked on the Morello. In this country the budding system is more frequently practiced on the various species of stone fruit than grafting. The plum is largely propagated by budding upon imported stock. Seeds from strong natural seedlings produce good stocks. The seed is best planted in the seed bed soon after gathering.

Scours in Suckling Colt.

J. B. P., Missouri: Give the colt 1 ounce of raw linseed oil. After this operates, brown a tablespoonful of flour in a pan with a little sheep's tallow. Stir this in with 1 raw egg, a dessert spoonful of whisky and four or five tablespoonfulls of milk. The flour should not be burned, but made a nice brown. The great trouble with the colt is from the milk of the mare. Change the diet of the mother and be careful that she does not have too great an amount of laxative food. It would be better perhaps to give her a dose of raw linseed oil—about 12 ozs.—and see to it that her food is of the cleanest and best.

Sores on Stallion's Legs.

P. C., Iowa: To effect a cure in an old case of the kind of which you speak, takes a length of time. The animal must have no food of any kind that heats or excites the system; hence corn should not be given until he has entirely recovered. Oats, bran mashes, sweet hay or good grass may be given. The mashes should be given only when the bowels do not work properly. The treatment indicated is: Give 2½ drachms aloes and 1 oz. of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. Poultice the legs with flax seed in which there is sprinkled a tablespoonful of burnt alum and pulverized charcoal. The poultice must be kept on for about 15 hours. Then wash the leg with castile soap and warm water, dry carefully and dress the eruption thereafter with vaseline, 1 oz.; oxide of zinc, 2 drachms; iodized phenol, 20 drops. Give every night for 12 days in the feed: Bicarbonate of soda, 1 oz.; arsenic, 1 drachm; iodide of iron, ½ oz., fenugreek, 2 ozs.; ginger, 2 ozs.; elecampane, 1 oz. Divide into 12 powders. While giving the powders give liberally of bran mashes to keep the bowels regular. After a months time the powders may be repeated. If the legs swell, give exercise on clean roads. You should be careful not to let the stallion get chilled or his legs wet, as these are fruitful sources of the disease. Exercise is necessary, but it must not be so much as to cause exhaustion.

Origin of the Peach.

F. V., West Virginia: The peach is of Persian origin, and came from the bitter almond. In Media it is deemed unwholesome; but when planted in Egypt it becomes pulpy and delicious. It has been cultivated time immemorial in most parts of Asia. It is claimed by some that in remote times the peach was poisonous, and that its juice was used to poison the arrows of warriors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Keep Seed Beans.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I saw an inquiry in THE BLADE how to keep seed beans. My way is: Put them in a bottle or pint can; put plenty of flour of sulphur on them; shake well and cork tightly. I keep mine this way.—MRS. J. R. LONG, Missouri.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Early Chicks for Market.

November will not be too soon to begin operations for hatching the early broilers. It requires three weeks for incubation, which will bring the hatch down to about December, and ten weeks more will be required for the growth of the chicks, thus getting them into market in March. All the operations for hatching should therefore be completed before January, if early broilers are to be a specialty. As one can easily calculate the number of weeks required for hatching and raising the chicks, the importance of beginning early cannot be too strongly urged. If is an excellent rule to allow three months from the time the eggs are put into the incubator until the chicks go to market, when they should then weigh about one and one-half pounds each.

Early chicks in large numbers will be an impossibility with the use of hens, as the hens are too uncertain, and may not begin to set before spring. If the broiler business is to be conducted with a view of securing a profit, the hatching must be done with incubators, in order to have such work under control. With an incubator one can hatch out chicks at any time and in as large numbers as may be desired, while the hen is at times useless. There are drawbacks and advantages with incubators, and the same applies to hens. In the winter one has more time to devote to hatching, and may profitably employ time that would otherwise be lost.

Quick growth and the heaviest weight in the shortest time are matters of importance in raising broilers, and the use of pure-bred males will add much to the value of chicks. It is not necessary to discard the hens because they are mongrels, or cross-bred, but it is very important that no mongrel males be used. The Wyandotte, Plymouth Rock, Langshan or Brahma males will give a wonderful improvement in the size and quality of the chicks; and as a single male may sire a thousand chicks in less than a year, the use of mongrel males is not economical, the addition of one-fourth of a cent to the value of each chick being more than the value of the sire if he has sired several hundred chicks. In the face of this fact it is unwise to an extreme to omit the pure-bred males.

If incubators are to be used, it is not too soon to begin. Much can be learned with a trial hatch, and now is the time to experiment. The greatest drawback is that of procuring the eggs. There may be plenty of eggs to be procured, but all eggs are not suitable for incubation, as the hens may be too fat, the males impotent, or the eggs from immature pullets. No eggs except those of normal size should be used. Large eggs, small eggs, rough eggs or mis-shapen eggs should be discarded. It is best to have your own hens to secure eggs, but if this cannot be done, and eggs must be purchased, let it be from flocks that are known to you. Any attempt to hatch chicks from eggs procured promiscuously, from all sources, will fail to give satisfactory results, no matter how well the management may be otherwise.—[Farm and Fireside.

How to Govern the Horse.

An old experienced horse handler presents in the Kentucky *Stockman*, a theory of the leading characteristics governing the horse in the following three fundamental principles: I. The horse is so constituted by nature that he will not offer resistance to any demand made of him which he fully comprehends, if made in a way consistent with the laws of his nature.—2. He has no consciousness of his strength beyond his experience, and can be handled according to our will, without force. That we can in compliance with the laws of his nature, by which he examines all things new to him, take any object, however frightful, around, over or on him, that does not inflict pain, without causing him fear. The horse is deficient in reasoning powers, he has no knowledge of right or wrong, of free will and independent government. He does not understand the impositions practiced upon him, however unreasonable they may be. Consequently he cannot come to any decision what he should or should not do, because he has not the reasoning facilities of man to argue the justice of the thing demanded of him. If he had, taking into consideration his superior strength, he would be useless to man as a servant.

Give him mind according to his strength, and he will demand of man freedom, liberty, and the earth as his inheritance, where he can roam at leisure, independent of servitude. He has been created so that he can be operated upon by the knowledge of man according to the dictates of his will, and he might well be termed an unconscious, submissive servant. This faith we can see verified in every-day experience by the abuse practiced upon him. Anyone who chooses can mount the noble steed and run him until he drops dead beneath his rider, if he had the power of reasoning, this could not be done. But, happily for man, he has no consciousness of imposition, no thought of disobedience, except by impulse caused by the violation of the law of nature. Consequently, when disobedient, it is the fault of man. Then, we can but come to the conclusion that if a horse is not taken at variance with the laws of nature, he will do anything that he fully comprehends when put making any offer at resistance.—3. He will allow any object, however frightful in appearance, to come around, over or on him, that does not inflict pain. There must be some cause before pain can exist, and if fear exists from the effect of imagination and not from the infliction of real pain, it can be removed by complying with those laws of nature by which the horse examines an object and determines upon its innocence or harm. A log, or stump, or stone by the roadside may be, in the imagination of the horse, some great beast about to pounce upon him; but after you take him up to it, and let him stand by it a little while, and touch it with his nose, and go through his process of examination, he will not care anything about it. And the same principle and process will have the same effect with any other object, however frightful in appearance, in which there is no harm. If horse handlers would study more the nature of the horse, and use in the management of the horse the reason and intelligence man is supposed to be endowed with, there would be more quiet, safe teams, and less inhumanity to the dumb brute.

Dairy Cow of To-day.

The mature dairy cow of to-day that will not, with generous feed and care, return 250 pounds or more annually of golden 20 or 30 cent. butter is, according to Henry Talcott in *Home and Farm*, a mortgage upon the farm that is not to be allowed or longer carried. The "tin can brigade" should box her up and carry her where water is hot or teeth are sharp. We must have true excellence in the cow—not a breeder's certificate—but an actual performer and simply an honest, clever old cow, with mellow golden skin and udder beyond the artificial, a reservoir of quantity and quality. No man should longer take the animal's word for what she can do, but should immediately open a double entry book account with her, and hold her strictly to the balance sheet test. I do not mean a breeder's double entry set of books where the cow gives ten and the man figures it twenty or more. There is no fit place on earth for scrubs. All cattle should be good for something, and the farmer is honest enough to decide and then act upon his honest convictions. From that moment forward he is a prosperous and happy man.

For Milk and Butter.

Prof. E. W. Stewart, of the New York experiment station, has formulated the following rations, and adds: There is not nearly so much danger of cows wearing out and dying early from high feeding as most think. Let them out to the pail, as there is from shortened rations, exposure to cold winds and storms, allowing them to shift for themselves in winter, and on short pastures in summer. Making the cows tough by this sort of management is a poor business.

SIX DAILY RATIONS FOR MILK.

No. 1. Eighteen pounds of oat straw; 5 pounds bean straw, 6 pounds of cotton-seed meal.

No. 2. Twenty pounds barley straw, 5 pounds pea straw, 2 pounds wheat bran, 5 pounds linseed meal.

No. 3. Twenty pounds poor hay, 5 pounds cottonseed meal.

No. 4. Twenty pounds of wheat straw, 5 pounds wheat bran, 3 pounds corn meal, 4 pounds linseed meal.

No. 5. Twenty pounds of fresh marsh hay, 5 pounds of maize meal, 5 pounds cottonseed meal.

No. 6. Ten pounds of good meadow hay, 10 pounds rye straw, 3 pounds wheat bran, 5 pounds linseed meal.

SIX DAILY RATIONS FOR BUTTER:

No. 1. Ten pounds clover hay, 10 pounds straw, 4 pounds each linseed oil cake, wheat bran and maize meal, 2 pounds cotton seed meal.

No. 2. Sixteen pounds meadow hay, 8 pounds wheat bran, 2 pounds linseed meal, 6 pounds maize meal.

No. 3. Fifteen pounds straw, 5 pounds hay, 4 pounds cotton seed meal, 4 pounds bran, 4 pounds maize meal, 3 pounds malt sprouts.

No. 5. Ten pounds maize fodder, 10 pounds oat straw, 2 pounds linseed meal, 4 pounds malt sprouts, 10 pounds oat and maize meal.

No. 6. Sixty pounds ensilage, 5 pounds hay, 2 pounds linseed meal, 4 pounds bran.

Preserving Liquified Honey.

Under the ordinary plan of liquifying honey the product is sticky, somewhat like molasses, having thickened in melting. But now than this it has lost part of that fragrant aroma and exquisite taste which it before possessed. These important qualities can all be retained, according to *British Bee Journal*, by a simple process, which consists in covering the honey about to be subjected to heat, with half an inch of cold water. The crust and the whole of the acid portion, if any, will rise to the top. The granulated honey, should be removed previous to placing the cold water on. After melting there appears about the same quantity of water on top as when placed on at first. When the honey has been allowed to cool down to a lukewarm condition, the water covering should be poured off. Honey that was originally clear, and has become thick and cloudy by being melted without the covering of water, will not alter, if melted again with it.

Dehorning Bulls.

Some breeders dehorn their bulls as a matter of safety, but a bull can be so kept that there there will be no danger to human life in caring for him and dehorning may injure the bull for breeding purposes. Here is what ex-Governor Hoard has to say in *Dairyman*, about the subject: "We notice there is quite a strong tendency among certain breeders to dehorn a valuable bull in case he gets cross. The advice of the *Dairymen* is to take greater precautions, but not dehorn. We firmly believe that injury to the breeding power or potency of the animal will be quite apt to follow if he is dehorned. The most of those who have advocated dehorning have done so without much thought along these lines. Wise breeders of all animals are very careful not to mutilate, whether the sire or in any way to produce an injurious shock to the nervous system. The organs of reproduction are intimately connected with the brain, and the brain is the seat and origin of all nervous force. The inference ought to be strong against any mutilation of the head."

Juvenile Precaution.

Anxious Mother—"What in the world did you do in that terrible thunderstorm?"

"Little Dick—"I got under a tree."

"Horrors! Don't you know a tree is a most dangerous place in a thunderstorm?"

"Oh, I jumped out every time it thundered."—[Good News.

Weak, Nervous Men!

Send for sealed particulars, free, of Common Sense Home Treatment, which will speedily restore you to complete vigor and manhood. No electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.

The Sunday School.

Christ Foretelling His Death.

LESSON II., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1891.

Golden Text—And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—John 12:32.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 12:20-36.)

20. And there were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast.

21. The same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus.

22. Philip cometh and

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

Yazoo Pass Expedition.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I wonder how many are left of the old comrades who were on the Yazoo Pass expedition, in the spring of 1863? Our troops were encamped on a sand bar a few miles below Helena, Ark. The Mississippi river was very high, and our engineers cut the levee on the Mississippi side of the river, opposite our camp, and let the water into an old channel which led into the Yellow Busha river, and it in turn flowed into the Yazoo, the latter debouching into the Mississippi a few miles above Vicksburg. Soon after the levee was cut the whole country through which the old channel ran was completely flooded. Our transports were then made ready for a trip through the cypress swamps by cutting their smoke stacks down level with the top of the pilot-house to get them out of the way of the huge limbs of the mammoth cypress trees which hung out over the channel. All being ready, the boys were ordered aboard, and the craft began to cross the river and shoot out of sight into the woods. My regiment, the 17th Iowa, was aboard of an old stern-wheel tub called the Lady Pike, and so rotten that every joint in her was loose. We crossed the river and headed into the cut in the levee, through which the water rushed at a fearful rate. We went down into the timber at a "two forty" gait. We rushed along on the swift current, enjoying the novelty of our situation, for a few miles, when we were thrown into confusion by our boat running on a snag, which tore a plank off her bottom. The pilot jammed her into the bank and we jumped for shore in a hurry. We all landed safely, and went into camp. The boat was repaired during the night. In the morning we went aboard again, and started on one of the hardest journeys ever traveled by a steamboat. The channel was so crooked and the water so swift, that the pilot did not dare put on steam enough to give the boat steerage way, so we were obliged to ease her around short bends by ropes run out to trees on either side. Steamboats could be seen in almost any direction winding their way through the timber. We could not travel at night, but tied up to a tree until daylight. It was a novel expedition. I don't remember the number of boats in the fleet, nor how long it took to make the run to Fort Greenwood, where the rebs stopped us. Will some comrade furnish the information? Fort Greenwood was situated in a short bend on the Yazoo river, and supported by several thousand men under command of Gen. Pemberton and Gen. Loring. I do not know how the fleet got back into the Mississippi river, as I was taken prisoner while laying at Fort Greenwood.—DANIEL SPENCER, Co. C, 17th Iowa Inft.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Little Deception.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Sharp practices like that recently related by Comrade Jessup, 24th Ind., were frequently indulged in by men in camp; not, however, to their credit, be it said. The nearest approach to deception I was ever guilty of, happened while chasing Hood's army from Nashville to the Tennessee river. We were sorely put to it, sometimes to fill their "mess kits," as some of the boys said, having nothing in our haversacks. The unfortunate farmers had been raided by both armies for months. What they had been able to hide for themselves was all they possessed; and this hidden treasure, in the shape of corn meal, was the very thing that induced me to practice the deception of which I was heartily ashamed, even while concocting the details. We were near Duck river. The regiment had gone into camp to rest, for men and horses were much used up. We had been in the saddle nearly constantly for four days and nights. We must find something to eat. Nate Russell, two of Co. M, and myself, started out to find it. About six miles from camp we suddenly came upon two black boys who told us that the "Ole master had just done killed all de hogs an' de meat was in de smoke house, buried under de groun' floo'." We, as interviewer, the master, but he was as innocent as he could be, and politeness itself. The old lady was very friendly, but she said she could not give us much to eat, as the Southern men had not left them anything. She would do the best she could for us. We went out and found corn for our horses in a barrel in a hen house. The place did seem stripped. If we had not pumped the black boys, we would have left the place in disgust. When we went in to see what the old lady had set up for dinner, I was somewhat surprised to find a good meal. Corn bread, of course; but there was ham and eggs, with pie and jellies. I had nearly made up my mind that I could not now unearth the catch in the smoke-house and carry away the farmer's last piece of meat, when the old gentleman came hurrying in to say that a whole troop of horsemen was coming toward the house. I stepped to the door and saw at a glance that a dozen boys of Co. I were almost at the door. I turned to the old man and told him I knew all about his meat in the smokehouse, but if he would be quick and find me a bushel of meal, we would go on guard at the smokehouse and save his hidden meat, or at least make the attempt. Meantime Nate, with our comrades, was making a raid on things in the cellar. The old lady got my sack of meal ready, which I knew was hidden where it would be hard for the boys to find, being in one of the narrow closets on the upper floor. I took the meal to where my horse was tied, the woman following and pleading for me to not let them open the smokehouse door. I tried to caution her to keep quiet and I would do all I could to save her meat; but do what I would, woman-like, she kept chattering to me.

"Now, gentlemen," she said, turning to some of the boys of Co. I, "this man is here to guard us, but our smoke-house has been stripped by the Southern men; there is nothing left for ourselves."

Nick Rodgers was among the last to arrive. He was an angular, long-legged Yankee imp. He looked at the old woman with a comical smile, and began:

"I say, ole gall, what in h— do yer want on a guard, when you say the Johnnie tuck everything ther was? Did yer feel afeard we'd eat yer?"

This sally of Nick's set the boys in a roar. I knew I could do nothing. I wanted the meal, and used the trick of "going on guard" to get it. I knew there was plenty of meat, the black boys having told us that ten fat hogs had been killed and hidden under the smoke-house. I was among the first to go into the smoke-house. It looked as though there was nothing in it. I was standing well back to the rear, when Nick brushed passed me. As he passed, I directed him how to find the meat. Getting a shovel, Nick soon had the "find" uncovered. Having given me the wink to select such pieces as I wanted, I raised two hams. Just then the woman came storming in. Her tongue run at a great pace. She turned on me like a vixen. Nick grabbed me, and said to the woman:

"Never you let on, old lady. We'll settle with the guard on our way to camp. Jist you lay low."

"Why, what has he done?" asked the lady.

"Why, durn his pictures!" yelled Nick. "The cuss tried to make us believe you was all starvin' here, and now we'll jist rope him in."

At this I should have burst with laughter, had I not beat a precipitate retreat. When I reached my horse I found the two hams I had selected snugly tied to my saddle. My comrades had already mounted, and as we started on our return I heard Nick yell out:

"Say, old gal, there goes that tarnal old guard, with all your meat. Let's shoot the cuss!"

Simultaneously came several shots, with sundry yells and screams; but we jogged on to camp with our supply of rations. In nearly all such cases, where the owner proved that the stuff was taken by our army, it has long since been paid for by Uncle Sam, if they proved their loyalty, which was rather hard to do in most cases.—DAN KNIGHT.

They Escaped.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the spring of 1862 I was boarding with a Union man in N. C. Another Union man from East Tennessee was also boarding in the same house. The rebel home guards wanted an excuse to run the three of us out of that section, and they believed our influence was bad. They therefore started the report that we had a United States flag in the house, and began to raise a crowd to get after us and put us out of the way. The news reached a friend of mine, and he sent a dispatch to us to get out of the way at once. When the dispatch reached the place where we were staying, I had gone off some two miles to get a horse shod. The other two gentleman saddled their horses and came after me in double quick time. When they found me, the blacksmith was shoeing my horse. The first word spoken was:

"Mount your horse; we have to get away from here! The rebs are coming after us, and we must go."

I persuaded them to stay until the man finished shoeing my horse, when we all left and crossed over to the Tennessee side. As we went along some unknown person fired a shot but a short distance from us, and in front. One of my partners said, "There they are, now; they have cut us off." The other said, "What shall we do?" On consultation we concluded to go forward, but saw nothing of the person that fired the gun. The rebs followed us in force of 75 to 80, but they had to return without their game.

At one time the rebs arrested an old man named Tolley, and his son, on charges of treason. Being poor, and not having money with which to pay their fines, the Johnnies tied them up and whipped them nearly to death, because they would not renounce their allegiance to the United States government. Such atrocities were of frequent in the glorious Southland.—G. W. EMMERT, Lieut. Co. C, 13th Vols.

Only in Fun.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Occasionally I see in the Camp Fire, "chips" from comrades of my regiment. It does me good to read them, and reminds me of the days when we "drank from the same canteen." I hope, however, that the infantry comrade was just joking when he said he never saw a dead cavalryman. I have seen lots of them. I saw my second lieutenant shot dead on his horse at Franklin, Tenn. I have been with the regiment when we lost as high as six killed in one engagement, out of our company, besides the wounded. It used to make me a little "hot" at the infantry, when we would be coming back in the morning to feed, and get some coffee, hardtack and sowbelly, after being up all night on the advance picket, to hear them yell in derision:

"Fight in front; cavalry going to the rear!"

It did not "set" very well when a fellow had been to the front all night, keeping his off eye on the Johnnies so the infantry could sleep; but "everything went" in war times. I had lots of friends in the infantry, and I guess they said things about us of the cavalry just "for fun." I know of one, that I went back eleven miles after one night, that would not say anything against the cavalry, for I "saved his bacon" for him. He had given out on the march, and had a high fever. I was over to their camp in the evening, asking about the boys I knew. They said Billy Shaver had fell out of the ranks sick. I got a horse for one of his comrades to ride, and we went back eleven miles, in the night, and found him in a log house, sound asleep in bed with a high fever. I got him on my horse, and "struck out" for camp, arriving just as reveille was sounded; and we started out without breakfast.—GEORGE NEWELL, Co. M, 2d Ind. Cav.

Use for All Branches.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I am of opinion that if the comrades would quit their clash about cavalry and infantry, it would be better. It is altogether uncalled for. The cavalry was a great arm of the service, performing duties that could not have been performed so well without them; and, of course, the infantry was entirely indispensible; so were the artillery—in other words, there was a use for all branches of the service. The interesting question at issue is, was the war a success? Did the great-hearted Lincoln gain a victory? It seemed so for a while. When the immortal name of Grant graced the Presidential chair, it seemed as though the war was not in vain; that the honest-hearted patriots of these United States had gained a victory for human rights and human liberty. It doubtless seems so yet in the Northern states; but it is not so in Dixie's land. No one here can hold office, or be recognized as an honest man, who was not a confederate, a vicious traitor to the government, and a friend to any other power except the United States. Down our way treason wears the robes and loyalty the rags!—H. H. SEALS, Corp. Co. G, 35th Ky. Vols.

A Reminder.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—If some of the boys who were stationed at Clifton, Tenn., in 1865, will write up an account of their breaking up the two gangs of cutthroats in North Alabama, and the execution of two of them at Florence, it will interest some of the "croakers." The lieutenant of the bands did not have any "drum-head" in Limestone county.

Alabama levies a special tax of five cents on the hundred dollars for pensioning ex-rebel soldiers. No d— Yankee soldier need apply!

Shake, Uncle Dan! I have not one word to retract. But the boys were rather hard on "Kirby." His letter should have been marked "dictated," and dated at the "Confederate Mansion."—BUB.

Courage to Face the Enemy.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I served under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Mead and Grant, and I never discovered that it made much difference what a man's politics were, if he only put his name on the muster-roll and had the moral courage to face the enemy. It really made not the least bit of difference with a man's fighting qualities what his politics were. And I am proud to belong to an organization (G. A. R.) that does not bar any man out on account of his politics, nationality, color or religious creed. Only one qualification is necessary—an honorable discharge from the Union army.—SYLVESTER BANISTER, 6th Vt. Vols.

Has a Good Memory.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I wish Uncle Dan and "Bub" would bring a rail every week to the Camp Fire. Some one intimated that they did not see and do all they write about. I do not believe they tell one-fifth of what they can, and not stretch the truth, either. I was only an infantryman in the ranks, in Virginia, and could fill a column in THE BLADE every week for a year with what I saw and helped to do, and not tell a single falsehood.—J. W. MORGAN, Co. I, 109th N. Y. V. I.

Chips.

Comrade C. E. Satterfield, commander Slocum Post, No. 141, G. A. R., at Endicott, Neb., says that resolutions were recently passed at a meeting of that post, to the effect that, considering the fact that many of the veterans were financially unable to attend the state and national encampments, they respectfully ask the United States government to furnish transportation to and from such encampments.

A number of letters have been received, written on both sides of the paper, and consequently could not be used. Please bear this in mind, and write only on one side of the paper, to insure publication. And don't forget to sign name plainly and give post-office address in full in each letter.

A comrade writes:—"I noticed in the Camp Fire recently, mention made of an aged soldier. I know of one that belonged to the 16th O. V. I., who was 81 years old January 10, last, and is still spry for one of that age. I think he is the oldest living Ohio volunteer. He can walk three miles an hour, and his name is A. J. Sprowl."

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE TRACES THE PROGRESS

Of the Saviour Through the Centuries, from the Manger to the Present Day—Honored Name of Jesus.

Sacrament Sunday was celebrated at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. Dr. Talmage's discourse was on "The March of Christ Through the Centuries," and his text Revelations xix. 12, "On His Head Were Many Crowns."

May your ears be alert and your thoughts concentrated, and all the powers of your soul aroused, while I speak to you of "the march of Christ through the centuries." You say, "give us then a good start, in rooms of vermillion and on floor of mosaic and amid corridors of porphyry and under canopies dyed in all the splendors of the setting sun." You can have no such startling place. At the time our chieftain was born, there were castles on the beach of Galilee, and palaces at Jerusalem, and imperial bathrooms at Jericho, and obelisks at Cairo, and the Pantheon at Rome, with its corinthian portico and its sixteen granite columns; and the Parthenon at Athens, with its glistening coronet of temples; and there were mountains of fine architecture in many parts of the world. But none of them were to be the starting place of the Chieftain I celebrate.

A cow's stall, a winter month, an atmosphere in which are the moan of camels, and the baaing of sheep, and the barking of dogs, and the rough banter of hostleries. He takes his first journey before he could walk. Armed desperadoes with bands of blood were ready to snatch him down into butchery. Rev. William H. Thompson, the veteran and beloved missionary, whom I saw this last month in Denver, in his 86th year, has described, in his volume entitled "The Land and the Book," Bethlehem as he saw it. Winter before last I walked up and down the gray hills of Jura limestone, on which the village now rests. The fact that King David had been born there had not during ages elevated the village into any special attention. The other fact that it was the birthplace of our Chieftain did not keep the place in after years from special dishonor, for Hadrian built there the grove of Adonis, and for 180 years the religion there observed was the most abhorrent debauchery the world has ever seen. Our Chieftain was considered dangerous from the start. The world had put suspicious eyes upon him, because at the time of his birth the astrologers had seen stellar commotions, a world out of its place and shooting down toward a caravansary. Star-illuminated was science. As last night the eighteenth century had its votaries. At the court of Catharine de Medici it was honored. Kepler, one of the wisest philosophers that the world ever saw, declared it was a true science. As late as the reign of Charles II., Lilly, an astrologer, was called before the House of Commons in England to give his opinion as to future events. For ages the bright appearance of Mars meant war; of Jupiter, meant power; of the Pleiades, meant storms at sea. And as history moves in circles, I do not know but what after a while it may be found that as the moon lifts the tides of the sea and the sun affects the growth or blasting of crops, other worlds besides those two worlds may have something to do with the destiny of individuals and nations in this world.

In watching this march of Christ through the centuries, we must not walk before him or beside him, for we could not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind him. We follow him while not yet in his teens, up a Jerusalem terrace, to a building six hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide, and under the hovering splendor of gateways, and by a pillar crowned with capital chiseled into the shape of flowers and leaves, and along by walls of bevelled masonry and near a marble screen until a group of white-haired philosophers and theologians gather around him, and they find the wilderness in the wounds, and overwheims these scholarly septuagenarians with questions they can not answer, and under his quick, whys and whyfors, and hows and whens, they pull their white beards with embarrassment, and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and putting their staff hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows 12 years to ask 75 years of age such puzzlers.

Out of this building we follow him into the Quarantania, the mountain of temptation, its sides to this day black with robbers' dens. Look! Up the side of this mountain come all the forces of perdition to effect our Chieftain's capture. But although weakened by forty days and forty nights of abstinence, he hurls all Pandemonium down the rocks, suggestive of how he can hurl into helplessness all our temptations. And now he climb right after him, up the tough sides of the "Mount of Beatitudes," and on the ghost pulpit of rocks, the valley of Hatin before him, the lake of Galilee to the right of him, the Mediterranean sea to the left of him, and he preaches a sermon that yet will transform the world with its applied sentiment. Now we follow our Chieftain on Lake Galilee. We must keep to the beach, for our feet are not shod with the supernatural, and we remember what poor work Peter made of it when he tried to walk on the water. Christ, our leader, is on the top of the tossing waves, and it is about 3:30 in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before day-break. But by the flashes of lightning we see him putting his feet on the crest of the wave, stepping from crest to crest, walking the white surf, solid as though it were frozen snow. The sailors think a ghost is striding the tempest, but he cheers them into placidity, showing himself to be a great Christ for storms. He walks the Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean and Adriatic now, and if exhausted and affrighted voyagers will listen for his voice at half past three o'clock in the morning on any sea, indeed at any hour, they will hear his voice of compassion and encouragement.

We continue to follow our Chieftain, and here is a blind man by the wayside. It is not from cataract of the eye or from ophthalmia, the eye-extinguisher of the East; but he was born blind. "Be opened!" he cries, and first there is a smarting of the eye-lids, and then a twilight, and then a mid-noon, and then a shout. "I see! I see!" Tell it to all the blind and they at least can appreciate it. And here is the widow's dead son, and here is the expired damsel, and here is Lazarus! "Live!" our Chieftain cries, and they live. Tell it through all the bereft households; tell it among the graves. And here around him gather the deaf and the dumb and the sick, and at His word they turn on their couches, and blush from awful pallor of helpless illness to rubicund health, and the swollen foot of the dropsical sufferer becomes as fleet as a roe on the mountains. The music of the grove and household wakens the deaf ear, and lunatic and maniac return into bright intelligence, and the leper's breath becomes as sweet as the breath of a child and the flesh as roseate. Tell it to all the sick, through all the homes, through all the hospitals. Tell it at 12 o'clock at night; tell it at 3 o'clock in the morning; tell it at half-past 3, and in the last watch of the night, that Jesus walks the tempest.

Still we follow our Chieftain until the government that gave him no protection, insists that he pay tax and too poor to raise the requisite two dollars and seventy-five cents, he orders Peter to catch a fish that has in its mouth a Roman stater, which is a bright coin (and you know that fish naturally bite at anything bright), but it was a miracle that Peter should have caught it at the first haul.

Now we follow our Chieftain until for the paltry sum of fifteen dollars Judas sells Him to His pursuers. Tell it to all the betrayed. If for $10,000 or for $500 or for $100 your interests were sold out, consider for how much cheaper a sum the Lord of earth and heaven was surrendered to humiliation and death. But here, while following Him on a spring night between 11 and 12 o'clock, we see the flash of torches and lanterns, and we hear the cry of a mob of Nihilists. They are breaking in on the quietude of Gethsemane with clubs—like a mob with sticks chasing a mad dog. It is a herd of Jerusalem "roughs" led on by Judas to arrest Christ, and punish him for being the loveliest and best thing that ever lived. But rioters are liable to assail the wrong man. How were they to be sure which one was Jesus? "I will kiss him," says Judas, "and by that signal you will know on whom to lay your hands of arrest." So the kiss which throughout the human race and for all time God intended as the most sacred demonstration of affection, for Paul writes to the Romans and the Corinthians and the Thessalonians concerning the "holy kiss," and Peter celebrates the kiss of charity, and with that conjunction of lips Laban met Jacob, and Joseph met his brethren, and Aaron met Moses and Samuel met Saul and Jonathan met David and Orpha parted from Naomi and Paul separated from his friends at Ephesus and the father in the parable greeted the returning prodigal, and when the millennium shall come we are told righteouness and peace will kiss each other, and all the world is invited to greet Christ as inspiration cries out "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish from the way"—that most sacred demonstration of reunion and affection was desecrated as the filthy lips of Judas touched the pure cheek of Christ, and the horrid smack of that kiss has its echo in the treachery and debasement and hypocrisy of all ages.

In further following our great Chieftain's march through the centuries. I find myself in front of Herod's palace in Jerusalem, and on a moveable platform placed upon a tasselated pavement, Pontius Pilate sits. And as once a year a condemned criminal is pardoned, Pilate lets the people choose whether it shall be an assassin or our Chieftain, and they all cry out for the liberation of the assassin, thus declaring they prefer a murderer to the salvation of the world. Pilate took a basin of water in front of these people and tried to wash off the blood of this murder from his hands, but he could not. They are still lifted and I see them looming up through all the ages, eight fingers and two thumbs standing out red with the carnage.

Still following our Chieftain, I ascend the hill which General Gordon, the great English explorer and arbiter, first made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chieftain, for he has not only two heavy timbers to carry on his back, one right and horizontal pieces of the cross, but he is suffering from exhaustion caused by lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with elmwood rods, and years of maltreatment.

Now we follow our Chieftain as they carry his limp and lacerated form amid the flowers and trees of a garden, the gladiolusses, the mandrakes, down five or six steps to an aisle of granite where he sleeps. But only a little while he sleeps there, for there is an earthquake in all that region, leaving the rocks to this day in their aslant and ruptured state declarative of the fact that something extraordinary there happened. And we see our Chieftain arouse from his brief slumber and wrestle down the ruffian Death, who would keep him imprisoned in that cavern, and put both heels on the monster, and coming forth with a cry that will not cease to be echoed until our great resurrection day the door of the last sepulcher shall be unhinged and flung clanging into the debris of demolished cemeteries.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings he rises, the disciples clutching for his robes too late to reach them, and across the great gulfs of space with one bound he gains that world which for thirty-three years had been denied him companionship, and all heaven lifted a shout of welcome as he entered, and of coronation as up the mediatorial throne he mounted. It was the greatest day heaven had ever seen. They had back again from tears, from wounds, from ills, from a world that never appreciated him, to a world in which he was the chief delight. In all the libretto of celestial music, it was hard to find an anthem enough cunjubilant to celebrate the joy seraphic, arch-angelic, deific.

But still we follow our Chieftain in his march down the centuries, for invisible still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow him. You can tell where he walks by the churches and hospitals and reformatory institutions and houses of mercy that spring up along the way. I hear his tread in the sick room and in the abodes of bereavment. He marches on and the nations are gathering around him. The islands of the sea are hearing his voice. The continents are feeling his power. Inverted flag of his! Europe will be his! Asia will be his! Africa will be his! Australia will be his! New Zealand will be his! All the earth will be his! Do you realize that until now it was impossible for the world to be converted? Not until very recently has the world been found. The Bible talks about "the ends of the earth" and the "uttermost parts of the world" as being saved, but not until now have the "ends of the earth" been discovered, and not until now have the "uttermost parts of the world" been revealed. The navigator did his work, the explorer did his work, the scientist did his work, and now for the first time since the world has been created has the world been known, measured off, and geographized, the last hidden and unknown tract has been mapped out, and now the work of evangelization will begin with an earnestness and velocity as yet unimagined. The steamships are ready; the lightning express trains are ready; the printing presses are ready; the telegraph and telephone are ready; millions of Christians are ready, and now see Christ marching on through the centuries. Marching on! Marching on!!

When in 1813, after the battle of Leipsic, which decided the fate of the nineteenth century, in some respects the most tremendous battle ever fought, the bridge down, the river incarnadined, the street choked with the wounded, the fields for miles around strewn with a dead soldiery from whom all traces of humanity had been dashed out, there met in the public square of that city of Leipsic the allied conquerors, and kings who had gained the victory—the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, the Crown Prince of Sweden—followed by the chiefs of their armies. With drawn swords these monarchs saluted each other and cheered for the continental victory they had together gained. History has made the scene memorable.

Greater and more thrilling will be the spectacle when the world is all conquered for the truth, and in front of the palace of heaven the kings and conquerors of all the allied powers of Christian usefulness shall salute each other, and recount the struggles by which they gained the triumph, and then hand over their swords to him who is the chief of the conquerors, crying: "Christ, oh Christ, is the kingdom! take the crown of mine, the crown of dominion; the crown of grace; the crown of glory." "On his head were many crowns."

No Opium in Any Form.

Cough and croup syrups usually rely upon laudanum or paragoric to relieve a patient. This is injurious. Dr. Hoxie's Croup Cure cures without it. 50 cts.

The North River Tunnel.

The Hudson river tunnel at New York city has about reached the lowest point in its total length of 5,300 feet. A 2 per cent ascending gradient is now to be followed, and the contractors have obtained from the War department permission to cover the comparatively thin layer of silt, that would otherwise cover the tunnel roof, by a bed of well-tempered clay. The present depth of water at this low point is from 60 to 64 feet, and the plan shows in some cases only five feet of river mud between the tunnel roof and the river bottom. As the air pressure now used is about 25 pounds per square inch, and this would have to be increased, it is evident that the shell of mud is not sufficiently thick to hold it. To go deeper into the river bed means rock excavation, an exceedingly difficult and dangerous operation with the present plant. The board of Engineers has granted the application on condition that the clay must be removed to the original depth on the completion of the tunnel.

For a Cleveland Letter.

A paper mill in New Jersey has turned out a sheet of paper 6 feet wide and 73½ miles long.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address. The name will not be published.

2.—Send only one question at a time, if you expect full replies. If more than one, they *must* be on the same general subject, not on different ones.

3.—Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

5.—Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

6.—No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

The Ohio Amendments.

"Young Republican," Toledo, O., asks what is meant by the "Taxation amendment" and "Constitutional convention," which are to be voted on in Ohio this fall. The taxation amendment is a proposed amendment to Section 2, Article vii. of the state constitution, which adds to the power of the legislature the following: "In addition thereto, laws may be passed, taxing rights, privileges, franchises, and such other subject matters as the legislature may direct."

This amendment, if carried, will allow the legislature to increase the revenue of the state by taxing the privileges and franchises of corporations. It will then be possible to tax the franchises of any or all railroads with the state. The only tax they now pay is on the value of the road-bed, stations, buildings, etc., and rolling stock. Hence they do not pay their proper share of taxation. It would enable great corporations, such as the Standard Oil company, for instance, to be taxed on their franchises, and bear their proper share of the burden of the state. This amendment would also cover the taxing of large inheritances, if thought desirable. It would open the way to an extension of the license fee in various directions which the legislature does not now possess the power to do, and would allow the taxing of special privileges of any kind. Under the present provisions of the constitution, many of the most valuable forms of property escape taxation. The legislature, if this amendment is not adopted, will probably be compelled to increase the rate of taxation upon real estate, in order to raise sufficient revenue for governmental expenses.

The other proposition to be voted on this fall is, whether a constitutional convention shall be called to make a new consitution if it chooses, or revise and amend the old one. The present state constitution contains the provision that every twenty years this question be voted on by the people of Ohio. It was voted on in 1871 and carried. A constitutional convention was elected, which met and prepared a new constitution, which, however, was rejected by the people. Our present constitution, framed in 1852, is in many respects notoriously defective, and we should have a new one, by all means.

Who Wrote Shakespeare?

"Reader," Salineville, O., asks for information about the theory that Shakespeare did not write the plays attributed to him. That theory, we believe, was first broached by Miss Delia Bacon, an American lady who, about 1854, published a volume in which she attempted to prove that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare's works, but that they were written by the celebrated Lord Bacon—from whom, we believe, she claimed collateral descent. The book created a great sensation at the time, and the controversy raged fiercely. Books, pamphlets, magazine and newspaper articles treating of it were numerous. The general impression was, however, that Miss Bacon failed to make a case.

The basis of her claim was, that William Shakespeare, from all that we know of him, possessed little education, while Shakespeare's plays make it certain that their author must have been a man of wide observations and extensive learning. Her principal reason for supposing that Lord Bacon was their author was that he was the only man prominent in the literature of Shakespeare's time who possessed the requisite knowledge. Miss Bacon desired to open Shakespeare's grave, under the wild idea that she would find in his coffin proof of the authorship of the plays. The authorities of Stratford church, in which he is buried, however, refused to allow the tomb to be desecrated. Miss Bacon afterwards died in a madhouse.

Various persons within the past 30 years have broached the same theory at different times. The latest of these is Ignatius Donnelly, who has published a book entitled "The Great Cryptogram," in which he endeavors to prove that there is a very complicated cipher running through the Shakespeare plays which proves conclusively that Lord Bacon was their author. We have not read the book, but the general feeling among literary people is that Donnelly makes a poor case. There has been an enormous amount of literature published upon the subject, but it does not shake the belief of the almost competent to judge, that William Shakespeare and no other was the author of those immortal works.

The Salvation Army.

L. B., Leeds Centre, Wis., asks for information as to the origin of the Salvation Army. It originated with "General" William Booth, who was born in Nottingham, England, in 1829. He was converted among the lowest classes, and started a street preacher July 5, 1865, in the densely populated "East End" of London. He named the establishment the "Christian Mission." He was very successful in this work, and out of it grew the Salvation Army. General Booth himself gives this account of the naming of the army: "One of my secretaries was writing a little tract describing the 'Christian Mission' movement, and he wrote on the title page, 'The Christian mission is a volunteer army.' I leaned over his shoulder, took his pen out of his hand, crossed out the word 'volunteer' and wrote 'Salvation.' We liked the sound of it, seeing that it vaguely described what the organization was—a body formed and united after the fashion of an army, with the purpose of delivering men from sin and the devil. So we adopted the name 'Salvation Army.' The terms, general, captain, lieutenant, etc., soon followed. The drums, flags, banners and like were adopted gradually in carrying out the purpose of attracting the people." The Salvation Army began in 1872, and since that time has spread all over the globe. While the methods of the army have met with much criticism, it is nevertheless a fact that it reaches people whom the churches do not.

What Reciprocity Is.

D. P. S., Pierre, S. D., asks: "If our manufacturers can compete with foreigners in South America under reciprocity, is that is the need of home protection?" You do not understand the advantage that reciprocity gives. All those countries have tariffs like our own, laying duties which must be paid on all imports from other countries. By the reciprocity agreements between those countries and our own, they agree to take off their duties on certain articles imported from the United States, while the same articles imported from other countries will have to pay heavy duties. In return, we agree not to impose duties on their sugar, etc., which the president is authorized to do by the new tariff bill.

He also asks: "If gold should be demonetized throughout the world, what would the gold in the gold dollar be worth?" Nobody can answer that question, nor is it necessary that any one should waste time trying to answer it, for gold will never be demonetized throughout the world. It is useless to speculate upon such a wild hypothesis.

The Mills bill kept the duties up on sugar, and, in fact, on all Southern products, but put them down on articles which are manufactured chiefly in the North. The McKinley bill goes upon the principle that articles which we cannot produce or grow in America shall come in free, except articles of luxury, and that the duties shall be kept up on all foreign products which compete with our home products.

Hereafter send only one question at a time, according to Rule 2 above, or you will get no answer.

Silver Versus Gold.

"Enquirer," Toledo, O.: If you mean, when were our silver coins greater in intrinsic value than our gold coins? we can answer. In 1834, the amount of pure gold in our gold coins was reduced, because previous to that gold was more valuable than the silver, and constantly went abroad. The silver, however, was too great. The silver in our silver coins was worth more proportionately than the gold in our gold coins. Hence our silver coins were steadily exported, and the bulk of the silver change in the country was Mexican and Spanish halves, quarters, 12½ and 6¼ cent pieces. To stop the export of small silver coins, the coinage law was amended in 1853, by reducing the amount of pure silver in the half dollar and smaller silver coins, thus rendering them merely tokens. Very few silver dollars were coined, and they generally were exported, so that it was very rare to find one in circulation. The value of the silver in a silver dollar was greater than the value of gold in a gold dollar up to 1873. The enormous amount of silver poured upon the market by the newly discovered mines started a decline, which only now seems to be reaching its natural level. Hence the silver in the silver dollar was worth more than a dollar from 1854 to 1873. Hereafter if you want an answer, you must send your real name. If you cannot comply with the rules above, don't trouble us with questions.

What is a Jew?

W. P., Toledo, O., asks whether the word "Jew" refers to a man's race or to his religion. The word "Jew" is derived directly from the old French *Juis* or *Jeus*, which in turn comes from the Latin *Judæus*, meaning "an inhabitant of Judea;" hence it means a Hebrew or Israelite, and its primary meaning refers strictly to the race. But as practically all Jews have the same religion, which religion is not accepted by any other race, the word has taken a secondary meaning, and is sometimes applied to the religion itself. It would be proper in this sense of the word to speak of a man of another race who had become a convert to the Jewish faith as having become a Jew. We should say also that the Israelites do not like to have the term "Jew" applied to them, and prefer to be called Hebrews or Israelites.

About Poets.

T. F., Mekinock, N. D.: Take that course of study in college which will be most useful to you in making your way in the world. Don't imagine for an instant that you can make a living simply by writing poetry. Not one of even the leading American poets ever made his living by his pen. Longfellow was for many years a professor in Harvard university, and married a wealthy wife. Whittier made his living other than by his pen; and so we might go through the list. Make poetic writing the occupation of your spare hours, not the business of your life; otherwise you are doomed to poverty and failure.

Finding Pharaoh's Host.

A. G. B., Willoughby, O., writes: "About the time of Gen. Gordon's operations in Egypt, an association was formed, with a Frenchman at its head, to search for relics of the Egyptians supposed to be buried in the salt marshes which were probably a part of the Red Sea at the time of the destruction of Pharaoh's army. Was the search ever undertaken, and what was the result? We do not know. If any reader can inform us, we shall be obliged. Our impression is that the matter was merely talked of, but was never undertaken.

Home-made Incubators.

F. A. C., and others, Philadelphia, N. Y., asks for directions for making and running an incubator for 200 or 300 eggs. In the Weekly BLADE, from February 5 to March 26 inclusive, of this year, we published a complete series of articles on "Poultry Keeping." The concluding number, that for March 26, contained a two-column article, with illustrations and minute directions for making and running a 200-egg incubator. We cannot reprint. Refer to that number.

Miscellaneous.

"Protection," Detroit, Mich.: Major McKinley will speak in Toledo on Thursday evening, October 22.

J. B. V., Magda, Kans., asks for the Republican national platforms of 1884 and 1888. They are too long to republish, and not of sufficient interest.

A. L., Trinidad, Colo.: The article on "Coin Dates," on page 5 of Weekly BLADE of September 10, did not mean that there were no quarter dollars of 1862, but that they were very scarce, compared with some other dates. This is the fact.

J. T. F., Pushmataha, Miss.: Oklahoma contains no land occupied by Indians. You certainly remember a year ago, when Oklahoma was opened for settlement by the President's proclamation. We cannot answer mathematical questions of any kind in the Bureau. See Rule 5 above.

E. P. M., Eve Mills, Tenn.: In the Question Bureau of Weekly BLADE of May 28, and June 4 and 11, we gave a full list of all American coins of all metals, that bear a premium, and we announced then that we would answer no further questions about old coins. The number for May 25 contains the premium list of half-dollars.

—The worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TALLEYRAND'S SAYINGS.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it only makes a great man.

Truth and virtue can do less good in the world than their false, well acted semblance can do evil.

A rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet, those he receives nearest his heart.

To contradict and argue with a total stranger is like knocking at a gate to ascertain if there is any one within.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

General maxims applied to everyday life are like routine applied to the arts, good only for mediocre intellects.

There are many devices which do not deprive us of friends; there are many virtues which prevent our having any.

There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time and the injustice of our fellow men.

In love we grow acquainted, because we are already attached—in friendship we must know each other before we love.

THE BEST protection against sudden changes in the weather is to purify the blood with AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes and enriches the life-current, and makes the weak strong. Has Cured Others will cure you.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS. The addresses of all soldiers who homesteaded a less number of acres than 160 and made final proof on the same before June 22, 1874. W. E. MOSES, P. O. Box 1765, Denver, Colorado. Mention The Toledo BLADE.

COMPLEXION PRESERVED DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM Removes all Freckles, Pimples, Liver-moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, there

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1891.

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FOUR NEW PICTURES!

Every reader of THE BLADE is requested to read the announcement at the head of the "Publisher's Desk" column, on the next page, the announcement of our four new pictures. They are simply exquisite, and we hope the homes of thousands of THE BLADE'S readers will be adorned by them this fall.

A FINANCE PRIMER.

51.—Paper Currency vs Coin.

Our reply to Hon. SAMUEL V. BECKWITH, of Connecticut, in No. 47 of this series, has brought us a shoal of letters from all over the country. The most of these are letters of thanks from honest-money men in the West, who say that it is the first satisfactory answer they have yet seen to some of the positions taken by the paper-money theorists who are making so much noise in that section. One or two are abusive. We have always noticed that when a man cannot answer an argument, he is liable to descend to abuse. We have just received a letter from Mr. BECKWITH, which, though it is rather long, we shall reproduce for the purpose of commenting thereon very briefly. To save space, we have inserted numbers in parenthesis after the points of which we wish to make special mention:

EDITOR BLADE: In a former communication I alluded to the fact of the first $50,000,000 demand notes having been at par with coin, and stated that it was owing to the legal condition which made them receivable without discount for all public dues, (I am well aware that they were not made a legal tender.) In your very courteous reply, in which I cheerfully concede that you intended to be fair, you mention that it was all owing to the fact that they were payable on demand in coin; but in order to make it clear to your readers that you are entirely correct, it will be necessary for you to explain, to some of them at least, how a premium on coin can be maintained in the absence of any demand for coin, or any absolute necessity for its use (1); while in the case of the greenback the law arbitrarily and temporarily created a imperative demand for coin, and the premium followed as a matter of course, and it was no doubt so intended. (2)

My present object, however, is to take advantage of your kind offer to explain further any point which was not sufficiently clear, and request you to explain the meaning of the statement that the greenbacks were a "forced loan upon the American people, based upon a redeemable coin on demand." (3) Now you admit that our coin in foreign markets is treated, received and valued only as merchandise, by weight, without reference to its legal or "face" value. Why then, would not bullion or bars stamped with the necessary official certification of weight and fineness be preferable to coin for use in foreign countries, thereby saving the expense of coinage, and much of the loss by wear? (4) If it is admitted to be practicable, what is the necessity for coin for use as domestic currency (excepting possibly the smallest coins), as paper currency is universally admitted to be the most convenient? (5) And if greenbacks or paper currency are made full legal tender, receivable for all public dues, and if no man, or set of men, can become possessed of a single dollar of this currency without first giving, or giving for it a full and fair equivalent in land, labor or products, and it is again redeemed with a like value whenever it is parted with, or exchanged, in what true and practical sense is such currency a "forced loan" or irredeemable? (6)

I have observed that those who have most to say about such money being a forced loan, while admitting that such amount of currency is needed, are perfectly willing that the government should create an interest bearing bond debt to pay for the material to make its specific currency. If this is a government of the people, and no more enlightened or responsible government exists on earth, where is the possible advantage—security, soundness or safety in the last mentioned? and why is it not more burdensome and useless? (8)

I am by no means an advocate of free coinage. I can see no advantage to be gained by it; and, under present conditions, it would probably prove disastrous; and I have no desire to see any changes in our financial system or methods, except such as may be demanded by the necessities and best interests of the people.

(1) The condition stated—"no demand for coin and no absolute necessity for its use"—is purely theoretical. No such condition ever existed, and never can exist, in actual business. Gold is the only real money of the world, and as long as our people have any transactions of a financial nature with the people of any other country, gold will be a necessity.

(2) This statement is neither fair nor just. We endeavored to show in a former article that it was an imperative necessity, in order to float our bonds abroad, that the interest should be paid in coin. No foreigner wanted our paper money, or would have it. There was only one possible way to obtain gold, and that was, by requiring the duties on imported articles to be paid therein, thus furnishing a fund for the payment of interest on bonds, and showing foreign holders that it was our purpose to redeem them in coin.

(3) The term "forced loan" does not seem to be clearly understood. We will illustrate. Suppose that A goes to his neighbor B to buy a horse worth $100; but having no money wherewith to pay him, gives him his note, without any time specified for payment, without interest, and without security. B is not willing to accept this, but A compels him to do so. A gets the horse and B has practically been forced to make a loan of that $100, from which he will get no benefit whatever until A gets ready to liquidate the debt, and, no payment for its use. Now this is exactly what the greenback is. We quote the following definition from a recent number of *Harper's Magazine:*

> The greenback is the naked promise of the United States to pay the bearer a certain number of dollars, unsecured except by the national credit, without date of time of payment.

The government forces a citizen to take the greenback, which is its simple promise to pay, without any time of payment specified, and without any interest.

(4) Our coin, in all the great financial centers of Europe, in large transactions, is taken by weight. This involves no loss as to gold coin, except the slight one by abrasion, because the coinage value of our gold is the same as its face value. With silver there would be a loss, at the present rate, of about 25 cents on the dollar.

(5) Bars of gold bullion stamped with the weight and the name of the assay office in New York, are constantly used at present for the purpose of international exchange, as Mr. BECKWITH can very easily ascertain on his next visit to New York, if he will consult some of the large bankers, especially those who were engaged in gold shipments this summer. But this does not obviate the need for coin in a hundred different ways, for which bars are not so available.

(6.) This comes back to the point we treated fully in No. 47, that paper currency consists of mere promises to pay coin. It must be redeemable on demand, to prevent depreciation in purchasing power; and coin is necessary for this purpose. A paper currency must be based on coin; there must be a coin dollar to measure the value of the promise to pay; the paper dollar is simply a promise to pay a coin dollar. Paper currency is the more convenient, as is seen in our present gold certificates and silver certificates, which represent that much gold and that much silver, which is lying in the treasury ready to redeem them. Such paper can never depreciate because it has the coin for its redemption behind it in the treasury vaults.

(7) We supposed that we had explained understandingly in our former answer, that the only thing which can possibly hold a paper currency at par, at all times, and under all possible conditions, is that it be redeemable on demand in coin, and that the holders know that the government has the coin to meet it. A paper currency, such as Mr. BECKWITH here mentions (which we infer to be without that proviso), would be liable at any time of financial stress to depreciate. Another thing: it could not possibly be kept in circulation, because the moment there was the slightest stringency in the money market, all public dues would be paid in this government paper, and it would go out of circulation, like the treasury notes of the earlier issues from the time of the formation of the constitution down to 1871. We presume that Mr. BECKWITH will say that there should be a provision for its re-issue. This could be done; but it would simply render its depreciation more prompt and certain.

(8) We do not understand what is meant by creating "an interest bearing debt for buying material for making metallic currency." We do not know of such a step ever being taken by the United States, or by any other country. We are perfectly willing to have the currency increased as much as possible by the creation of sound money, but this can only be full weight gold or silver coin.

THE ADVANTAGE OF RECIPROCITY.

The free trade Democratic press is bitterly opposed to reciprocity, and allows no opportunity to pass for sneering at it. Unfortunately for them, however, people of an inquiring turn of mind note that they give no sound reasons for this sneer, and therefore it fails to have any particular effect. Let us look at the other side of the picture, and show some of the advantages that will come to this country because of reciprocity.

First, the reciprocity clauses of the new tariff law put a weapon into the hands of the administration by which Germany was brought to remove her prohibition on American pork, and we will sell hog products to that country at the rate from $12,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year, all of which will go into the pockets of our farmers. This would not have been possible had not the new tariff law given the power to impose a retaliatory duty on German sugar.

The reciprocity trenty with Brazil has already nearly doubled our monthly exports to that country, and there is every reason to believe that the increase will go on.

The reciprocity treaty with Spain concerning Cuba and Porto Rico, gives us concessions greater than those enjoyed by any other nation. The following table exhibits this fact in a graphic manner.

The first column contains a list of our principal exports to those islands; the second, the duties our products have to pay; third, the duties exports from all other countries are subject to:

Article.	From the United States.	From All other countries.
Lard	Free..	$16.64 per 220 lbs
Tallow	Free..	6.48 per 220 lbs
Pickled beef	Free..	2.61 per 220 lbs
Pickled pork	Free..	4.35 per 220 lbs
Smoked beef, pork, hams, bacon, etc	Free..	9.05 per 220 lbs
Smoked tongue	Free..	21.90 per 220 lbs
Canned meats	Free..	30.54 per 220 lbs
Fish, pickled, smoked, dried or canned	Free..	4.12 per 220 lbs
Oysters	Free..	26.19 per 220 lbs
Potatoes, onions, turnips and other vegetables	Free..	1.52 per 220 lbs
Fruits, fresh or preserved	Free..	3.62 per 220 lbs
Butter	Free..	16.47 per 220 lbs
Cheese	Free..	9.93 per 220 lbs
Hay and straw	Free..	1.16 per 220 lbs
Oatmeal and maizena	Free..	6.00 per 220 lbs
Starch	Free..	7.32 per 220 lbs
Pine boards and planks	Free..	6.90 per 1,000 ft
Walnut boards and planks	Free..	17.40 per 1,000 ft
Crude petroleum	Free..	1.35 per 220 lbs
Refined do	Reduced 25 p c	5.80 per 220 lbs
Resin	Free..	1.30 per 220 lbs
Turpentine	Free..	5.58 per 220 lbs
Coal	40 per 220 lbs	40 per 220 lbs
Ice	Free..	.25 per 220 lbs
Wheat and flour	30c per 220 lbs	4.57 per 220 lbs
Corn and meal	25c per 220 lbs	1.53 per 220 lbs

With our products going in free and those from other countries paying duty, it is absolutely certain that we shall have an enormous increase of our sales of the above commodities to the Spanish West Indies. This array of facts is better than all the unfounded assertions of the Democratic free trade papers to the thinking American citizen. With the steady development of reciprocity, and the growth of our export trade in consequence, these calamity howlers will find themselves in a hole. They will gnash their teeth over their own folly, and regret their reckless lying in the interest of British free trade.

THE Republican state executive committee has the original of a letter from a New York importer of fine French tissues, written under date of September 15, to the dry goods firm of Jos. HORNE & Co., Pittsburg. Though a simple business letter, it gives the lie to the free trade Democratic lies about the new tariff law increasing the prices of fabrics:

> GENTLEMEN:—Black cashmere shawls in the finer grades can be sold now for less than before the McKinley bill—there is very little difference in the price of the lower qualities.
>
> Broche shawls are now by far cheaper than they have been before.
>
> Since 1867 I have sold for the best French manufacturers black cashmere dress goods, shawls and embroidered fichus. Yours truly,
>
> A. KASTOR.

THE Gallipolis *Tribune* makes the very bright suggestion, anent the proposition to have a meeting of Democratic governors of other states held at Columbus to help Mr. CAMPBELL, that

> If our Democratic friends are actually desirous of presenting the views of the country with a really valuable, suggestive and truthful object lesson, we advise them to import, not the governors, but the treasurers of Democratic states. That would be a show worth traveling far to see, and amongst the celebrities the following prominent Democratic state treasurers should have reserved seats:
>
> Noland, of Missouri, who stole $32,000.
>
> Churchill, of Arkansas, who stole $40,000.
>
> Woodruff, of Arkansas, who stole $96,000.
>
> Archer, of Maryland, who stole $300,000.
>
> Vincent, of Alabama, who stole $243,000.
>
> Tate, of Kentucky, who stole $247,000.
>
> Hemingway, of Mississippi, who stole $315,000.
>
> Polk, of Tennessee, who stole $400,000.
>
> Burke, of Louisiana, who stole $8-7,000.

ROGER QUARLES MILLS, of Texas, who is billed for six speeches in Ohio, made his first effort on Saturday at Mansfield. He admitted in his speech that the tariff for revenue policy of the Democrats means that sugar, coffee and tea shall pay duty. If he keeps on making these admissions, MCKINLEY'S majority in Ohio will be the largest ever known.

SEPTEMBER 30 is fixed as the limit of the time in which the 4½ bonds can be extended at 2 per cent. After that time all the bonds presented will be promptly redeemed. The treasury has ample funds for this purpose, notwithstanding the lies of the Democrats about the matter.

MAKING IT UNPROFITABLE TO DRINK

Mr. F. D. MUSSEY, the well known newspaper correspondent, made a tour some weeks since of the fashionable summer resorts along the Atlantic coast from Mount Desert, Maine, southward to Cape May. In one of his letters, after the close of his trip, he summarized his observations regarding the drink habit among the visitors at the various resorts. The following extracts are significant:

> There is less dissipation among the men at watering places than is generally supposed. In fact, it may be broadly asserted that there is less dissipation among American men than there was in the past, and furthermore, it grows less and less year by year.
>
> Intoxication becomes more and more disgraceful. Among the better classes of men the visiting of public saloons and the stand-up drinking at bars is falling more and more into disrepute. In old times drunkenness was not considered disreputable among the "gentry." The great man was the "four-bottle man," and the hero of the occasion at a drinking bout was the one that could "put all the others under the table." All this has not entirely disappeared—not by any means—for habits and human nature do not change in a day. But there certainly has been a marked alteration for the better. The man who, in an assembly of gentlemen at dinner or elsewhere, gets drunk makes himself obnoxious. He is not applauded; he is not even pitied. He is condemned, and his company fought shy of thereafter.

There is no doubt of the correctness of Mr. MUSSEY'S observations. A change is working in social customs as regards the drink habit. Of course the change is slow, but it is progressive, and never goes backward. It is interesting to note Mr. MUSSEY'S opinion as to the influences which are working this change. He thinks, first, it is a result of our improving civilization. There is a growing self-respect, more education, and better breeding in these latter days, which tend to make a man ashamed to get drunk. This is the ethical side of the change. But Mr. MUSSEY finds another and a very strong influence working to the same end on the business side. It is, that the drinking habit, even where men indulge in moderation, counts more and more sharply with each succeeding year against him in his business affairs of life. Upon this point Mr. MUSSEY says:

> "Is he a drinking man?" is one of the first and main questions put by one man of another with whom any business relation is proposed; and "Is he a drinking man?" "Is he a married man?" are the two questions always asked by any business man or firm concerning a proposed employe or associate. This, no doubt, tends to hold many a man to paths of sobriety who perhaps has not enough self respect to do so. They can't indulge because, in a business sense, they "can't afford to."

These observations are true. The process of barring out from positions of trust and profit all men who indulge in in intoxicants is becoming more widespread every year. With some occupations it is almost an absolute rule that drinking men are not wanted. All the leading railroad companies of the country refuse to employ men who drink, and this practice is extending even to street-car lines. A short time ago, the Fourth avenue street car company of New York city, one of the principal ones in that city, issued an order to all its conductors and drivers notifying them that it would thereafter be considered sufficient cause for immediate dismissal for any of them to visit a saloon at either end of the road between trips. The officers of the road frankly said that the notification was issued to insure discipline among the men, some of whom were in the habit of leaving their cars and horses unattended while they loitered in saloons at one end or the other of the line. The men themselves got up some little excitement over the order, and even talked of organizing a strike to have it rescinded; but wiser counsel prevailed, when they reflected that there were plenty of men in the city who were perfectly willing to take their places, and who did not make a habit of visiting saloons.

The growth of the feeling can also be seen in many secret societies, which condemn the liquor traffic and exclude liquor sellers from membership. In this case the objection is to the man's occupation. One who makes it his sole employment to minister to a debased appetite among men is not considered worthy of fellowship with the gentlemen composing the order. It will be remembered that the grand lodge of Odd Fellows of the state of Indiana recently decided hereafter to exclude all liquor dealers from the organization. Similar action has been taken by the Masonic order, and by the Knights of Pythias, in different states. Every such action reveals the deep-seated condemnation among the intelligent masses of society against intemperance and against the men who make it their occupation to foster it.

All these facts are cheering indications of the steady and sure, if somewhat slow, growth of public sentiment in opposition to the liquor traffic and to drinking men. No more powerful lever can be used to induce men to control their appetites, than to have public sentiment impress upon them the conviction that they *can not afford* to get drunk. It is by strengthening this sentiment that the friends of prohibition must look for their most efficient aid. When you can convince a man by the stern logic of facts that it don't pay to get drunk, he will be very apt to avoid the habit if he has already contracted it, and to shun the saloon. When the masses of the people are educated up to the understanding that it don't pay, they will be quite willing to join in the effort to entirely suppress the drink habit, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A TARIFF INQUIRY.

The Senate committee investigating the effects of tariff legislation of all kinds is hard at work collecting statistics as to prices of the necessaries of life, rates of wages, and cost of living, for a series of years, and from these facts it will draw its conclusions, to be reported to Congress. Senator CARLISLE, who is a member of the committee, says:

> We have agreed upon a list of more than two hundred articles in common use among the people, and have been getting the retail prices of these articles at about seventy representative cities in the United States, from September, 1889, to September, 1891, and the wholesale prices of the same articles for the same period at six of the most important cities.
>
> The sub-committee is also procuring the wholesale prices of a great number of articles, foreign and domestic, for a period of fifty years or as far back as the prices can be ascertained. The wages of laborers in mining and mercantile industries and in agriculture will also be ascertained for as long a period as possible, and in connection with this and the other inquiries an effort will be made to ascertain the average annual cost of living of a great number of representative families ranging from $500 to $1,000 per annum.
>
> The work of the committee will not be completed before next spring; but when it is given to the public it will be one of the most valuable economic compilations ever issued by the government.

THE postal service of our big cities is better than it ever was before, but according to Mr. DEPEW it is still far behind the postoffice system in the city of London. He says you can reach any point in the city by letter in twenty minutes, and get your answer in twenty more.

THE free trade Democratic newspapers, without exception, so far as our observation extends, are carefully suppressing the fact in their news columns that already, under reciprocity, our exports to Brazil have doubled.

MR. MILLS'S attempt to down the silver issue in Ohio simply makes it more prominent. The attempt will meet with the usual luck that attends the swapping of horses while crossing a stream.

THE TARIFF AND THE CONSUMER.

JOSEPH NIMMO, jr., has just issued a pamphlet on the equity of our protective tariff, which should be placed in the hands of every student of economics—nay, more; every intelligent voter should read it. The pamphlet came to be written in a curious way. Mr. NIMMO had published in a Brooklyn paper an article setting forth the benefits of the protective tariff to the farmers of the country. The reading of this article strongly impressed a business man of Brooklyn, who wrote to Mr. NIMMO, asking him what the tariff has done for the protection of the hundreds of thousands of clerks and business men, who, with their families, have to pay the advanced prices the farmers are getting for their products. The pamphlet in question is Mr. NIMMO'S reply. He divides the inquiry into a discussion of two points, as follows:

First—Upon what sound and just principle is the present protective tariff based?

Second—Is the new tariff law so framed as not to discriminate unjustly, and particularly does it help the producer at the expense of the consumer?

The famous "war tariff," originating with the Morrill law of 1861, was largely added to and changed during the period of hostilities, and was framed with the sole object of raising as much money as possible to be used in the war for the salvation of the Union. As Mr. NIMMO says, "the stern war tariff struck everything which a free trader would tax, and everything which a protectionist would tax, in order that this nation might live." In 1867, we admitted only 4¾ per cent of our imports free of duty; under the new tariff law we admit almost 55 per cent free of duty. That is, since 1867, we have placed one half our foreign imports upon the free list. The new tariff law has increased the free list from about 24 per cent to about 55 per cent.

In all the legislation upon the tariff since 1867, designed to change it from a war tariff, whose only object was to produce as much revenue as possible, to a peace tariff, the great principle has not for one moment been lost sight of, that the interest of the producer and the interest of the consumer must both be treated alike. Accordingly the sincere effort has always been to secure American rates of wages to American laborers in every branch of American industry, so far as this can be done by an adjustment of duties. For example: the duty on potatoes is placed just high enough to be protective when prices fall so low as not to yield American rates of wages to the American farmer; when prices go up, in comes a flood of foreign potatoes to protect producers against paying too high a rate to the American farmer. This is the answer to the first question. That the protective tariff is based upon a sound and just principle of securing American wages to American workingmen, in whatever field they labor.

This brings us to the second point, and here Mr. NIMMO takes a line of argument which THE BLADE has used time and again since it first began the active discussion of the tariff question in 1884—that clerks, and workingmen, and business men in cities, all get to-day the American rate of wages (by "wages" we include salary as well). Every one knows that the men at the desks and behind the counters, and employed in the myriad offices in any of our cities, obtain at least double the salaries paid for the same service in free trade England. They work fewer hours, as a rule; have more leisure time, and are able to live in better style and more comfortably than the men engaged in like occupations in any other country in the world. This has been already accomplished in the thirty years that have elapsed since the protective principle was first applied to our economic condition.

No intelligent protectionist claims, or ever has claimed, that the passage of the new tariff law was going to raise wages generally throughout the United States. It will in the course of years make wages higher all along the line; but this rise will not come suddenly; it will be a growth, not a spring. The real ground upon which every protectionist stands is, that the adoption of free trade—by which we mean a revenue tariff—would operate to reduce the wages, not only of men in what are termed "protected" industries, but of all mechanics, of all clerks, of every one who works for salary or for hire.

How would it do this?

If you let down the bars so that the foreign manufacturers and producers can come in and sell without paying for the privilege, you will find that our own manufactories, our mines, our iron furnaces and rolling mills, in short, all our great industries, will be compelled either to shut down and throw their hundreds of thousands of employes out of work entirely, or reduce their wages to the European standard. The tariff is purely a question of wages. Our manufacturers cannot compete with men who pay only half as much for the labor employed as is paid on this side of the Atlantic. If the rate of wages is to be kept up, the protective tariff must be maintained. If we have a revenue tariff, the rate of wages will tumble down at once; there will be dull times; thousands of men will be out of work, and those who are working will have to take less wages.

Now it is a fact that it is impossible that wages should be cut one-half to the men employed in the great industries in this country, and the present rate maintained in every thing else. It is contrary to experience that it should be so. The rate of wages would come down, not only among the protected industries, but for every man who works for hire in any occupation. All would be equally affected, and the result would be that every man would have to take less. He would have to reduce his style of living; for while a few articles might be cheaper, the necessaries of life would not be cheapened at all in proportion to the cut in wages.

Therefore Mr. NIMMO comes to the sound conclusion that our clerks, business men and mechanics are as thoroughly protected in their rate of wages by the new tariff law as is the farmer or the manufacturer himself; that therefore it does not help the producer at the expense of the consumer, but benefits both. We have thus briefly summarized the arguments in Mr. NIMMO'S pamphlet. We can indorse them heartily, because we know them to be true.

A JOINT debate has finally been arranged between Major MCKINLEY and Governor CAMPBELL. The opening speech will take place at Ada, Hardin county, on the afternoon of October 8. We extend our most hearty sympathy to Governor CAMPBELL. He will simply find that he is not "in it" with Major MCKINLEY.

THE Dominican republic has abolished its free list of imports for all countries except the United States. As its tariff averages 60 per cent ad valorem, this will practically give the entire trade of the republic to the United States; and yet there are Democrats so besotted as to say that reciprocity is a humbug.

THE reports of the clearing-houses on last Saturday show an enormous per cent increase over the corresponding week of last year. This marks very accurately the increase in actual business.

TIN PLATE IS NOT TERNE PLATE.

Tin plate is not terne plate.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Certainly not. No one ever said it was; no one ever supposed it was. Tin plate, or "bright" tin, is made of steel sheets coated with nearly pure tin. Terne plate is used for roofing purposes, and is composed of sheet steel, coated with a mixture of tin and lead. The Piqua tin plate factory was manufacturing terne plate the day MCKINLEY was there; but it does not follow, as the *Enquirer* would like to assume, that there is no tin plate made in America. The same plant is used in manufacturing both. The only difference is in the composition of the metal in the dipping kettle.

If the *Enquirer* desires to find out about tin-plate, and by this we mean bright tin, not terne plate, it can get all the needed information it desires by addressing the United States Tin Plate company, limited, Demmler, Pa.; NORTON BROS., Chicago, Ill.; or P. H. LAUFMAN & Co., Apollo, Pa.; or the St. Louis Stamping company, St. Louis, Mo.—all of which manufacture bright tin. Any one of them, we presume, will be glad to quote the *Enquirer* prices for American-made bright tin, such as is used for fruit cans, cups, dinner pails, and all domestic utensils usually made of tin. Nor is the prices of tin cans, as has been frequently charged, higher because of the new duty on tin plate. The firm of NORTON BROS., Chicago, sent to Major MCKINLEY, when he was at Van Wert, the following dispatch, which is of interest, as the firm is the largest manufacturers of tin cans in the world:

> We have shipped within the past ten days more than 100 car-loads of No. 2 and No. 3 cans, such as are used by canning factories. The No. 2 for corn and the No. 3 for peaches and tomatoes. The prices have in no case exceeded $2.15 per hundred for No. 2, and $2.90 per hundred for No. 3. In September, 1890, we were selling the same cans exactly, or rather same kind, size and quality, at $3.15 to $3.25 per hundred for No. 2, and $4 to 4.25 for No. 4, and these were the regular market prices, both here and in the East, a year ago.

The *Enquirer* and other free trade organs should stop their atrocious lying about this matter of tin plate. The facts of the case are all against them.

OHIO WOOL.

It makes very interesting reading to compare the annual report of the assessors of personal property in Ohio as to the number of sheep owned by individuals in the state, with the reports for the past seven years. The figures for 1891 have just been issued, and we present them in comparison with the same official reports since the reduction of the wool duties by the tariff of 1883:

Year.	Number.	No. Loss.	No. Gain.
1884	4,434,644	.....	.....
1885	4,223,922	259,932	.....
1886	4,277,433	546,450	.....
1887	4,109,177	172,256	.....
1888	3,759,449	265,728	.....
1889	3,603,079	134,388	.....
18 9 0	3,594,809	10,269	.....
1891	3,797,041	.....	202,211

Showing a loss from 1884 to 1890 (six years) of..... 1,519,634
Showing a gain from 1890 to 1891 of..... 202,211

The effect of the reduction of the duty of 1883 is clearly seen by the steady reduction in the number of sheep owned in the state. The good effect of the new tariff law of 1890 is beginning to be shown in the figures for this year. It has turned the scale the other way, and gives one of the reasons why, under the increased tariff, wool has not advanced. The average weight of fleeces clipped in Ohio is six pounds. The increase in the number of sheep, therefore, since last year means an increase in our wool product of 1,213,446 pounds, which will bring at least $370,000 into the pockets of the farmers more this year than they obtained for their wool in 1890.

One-twelfth of the entire number of sheep in the United States are owned in Ohio. If the other states of the Union show the same increase in their flocks as does Ohio, there are 2,426,892 more sheep in the United States this year than they were in 1890, and the value of this increase is $6,067,230. This estimate is probably under the mark rather than over it, for the ratio of increase in our flocks is likely to be greater in the West than it is in Ohio. The farmers have here a fine example of the benefit the new tariff law is and will be to them.

OUR BREADSTUFFS EXPORTS.

Our exports for August were phenomenal in the volume of breadstuffs sent abroad, which was larger than for any previous month in our history. The preliminary report just issued makes the following showing:

	August, 1891.	August, 1890.
Breadstuffs	$28,289,539	$10,714,300
Provisions	9,314,345	10,470,840
Cattle and hogs	2,892,054	3,530,858
Petroleum	4,048,348	5,339,076
Cotton	2,401,882	3,411,455
Total	$48,052,39	$33,334,429

The total increase of exports for August this year over the same month last year is about 44 per cent, while the increase in breadstuffs is 170 per cent. It is proper to mention that the removal of the German prohibition on the import of American pork was not operative in August, and the succeeding months of the year will show a large increase in this item as well as in breadstuffs. The Democratic press of the country is endeavoring to make it appear that Germany is too poor to buy American pork, because of the duties levied upon all pork imported into that country, whether from the United States or elsewhere. The German duty is the same it was previous to the prohibition, and we held a very large and very profitable export trade in pork to that country until that prohibition broke it up.

"DEACON" WHITE'S CORN CORNER.

THE failure of the well known firm of S. V. WHITE & Co. illustrates the fallibility of men's judgment about crops. "Deacon" WHITE made up his mind that the corn crop was three weeks late, that the reserves of old corn in the country were small, and that therefore the opportune moment had come to corner September and October corn in the Chicago market. In a few weeks he had bought 11,000,000 bushels, and the price, under the strong demand had increased considerably.

These high prices led the farmers to begin shipments from their cribs to Chicago. The price began to go down, and then came the hot weather—just what the late corn needed to ripen it perfectly and rapidly. Corn kept going down, and when Mr. WHITE had lost something like ten cents on every bushel on his 11,000,000, he gave it up and made an assignment. We doubt if anybody in the country has the slightest sympathy with him. The men who try to corner wheat or corn deserve none.

AND still the free trade papers maintain a silence dense enough to be cut into chunks concerning the fact that our export trade to Brazil has increased 90 per cent. since the adoption of reciprocity. They dare not go before the Democratic voters while the campaign is on, and make an admission so damaging to themselves.

As the days roll by the signs multiply that the Republicans are going to sweep Ohio next November by an old-time majority.

THE Ohio Democrat campaign appears to have heart failure.

FREE TRADE DECLINING.

When the free trade propaganda started in England under RICHARD COBDEN, and grew so rapidly that it was made the economic policy of that nation, the famous Cobden club was organized to spread its doctrines. It was announced by its supporters that it would eventually become the policy of all nations, and that protective tariffs would soon become relics of the past. The Cobden club has spent enormous sums of money in disseminating free trade literature all over the world.

The result must be extremely disappointing to its doctrinaires. In place of spreading, the free trade idea is declining. England stands alone among the great commercial nations of the civilized world in adhering to it. Every other country is protective in its policy. There is but one of the colonial possessions of Great Britain which is free trade, and that is the province of New South Wales, in Australia, which is behind its sister provinces in development, in rate of growth, and in prosperity. Every other English possession has a protective tariff; the nearest example to us being the Dominion of Canada, whose tariff law is nearly as complete as our own.

The time was when England had no public man who was thoroughly committed to free trade, and no newspaper but sounded the praises of the *laissez faire* doctrine. This state of things is true no longer. The "fair trade," or protectionist movement, in Great Britain, was started several years ago, and its growth marks the progressive decay of the influence of the name and teachings of COBDEN. It is a fact that 120 members of the British Parliament now belong to the Fair Trade league, founded to combat the Cobden club and its teachings. Manchester was the very home of Cobdenism, yet the *Daily Courier*, one of the leading papers of that manufacturing city, in a recent issue had the following editorial article on the errors of free trade:

> There is nothing like the enthusiasm for free trade that there was in Cobden's time; it is demonstrated that the Manchester school was wrong in many of its most confident prognostications, and many an economist who professes and calls himself a free trader is now heard to express an opinion that a grievous error was made when we refrained from using our opportunities to secure manufactures from other protective countries. "In the spring-tide of our economic frenzy," to us a memorable phrase of Lord Beaconsfield, we forget the prudent maxim, festina lente. Even now it is by no means certain that we shall not have to retrace our steps, and to start from the point from which we should have made our new departure more than a generation ago.

Politicians of the Cobden school thought that all questions could be settled by reference to Adam Smith, or Ricardo, or Mill, as a tradesman might draw out his bill with the aid of a ready reckoner. They ignored many of the most important facts of human nature. To them the sweating system would have been but the rational application of the principle of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest. They were always putting the cart before the horse. Their errors were attributable to the fact that the exponents of the science of political economy thought that no other science had a right to say a word in greater and more comprehensive science of politics. The fallacy is not extinct, but is fast waning.

The fundamental error of free trade is the assumption that in every action man kind is animated only by pure selfishness—that the object of legislation is to allow everything to be brought to the very lowest limit of productive cost, so that it may be sold at the lowest possible figure. To put it in other words, that cheapness is the one thing to be sought for. Protection proceeds upon the principle that there is such a thing as too great cheapness; that where cheapness is obtained by grinding the faces of laboring men, and forcing them to take wages which will barely support existence, giving them only the barest necessities of life, and putting beyond their reach all its comforts or its luxuries, it is wrong. Protection aims to produce as cheaply as possible, yet giving labor its proper recompense.

The charge so often brought that free traders are purely theoretical, is strictly true. Political economy is not an exact science like mathematics. It is impossible to reach trustworthy economic conclusions by a process of ratiocination alone. Protection is the product of a never school of economic teaching—the "historical" school, if we may so term it—which declares that we may draw conclusions from experience, that statistics are of value, and that the results so obtained are more trustworthy than the conclusions of a theorist based upon assumed conditions.

CAST your eye back over what has been accomplished by President HARRISON'S administration, and you will see that it has been making history quite rapidly. Six new states have been added to the Union—the two Dakotas, Washington, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Oklahoma has been organized as a territory, with an area four times as large as the state of New Jersey; the administration has opened to settlement a portion of the Sioux country three times as large as the state of Massachusetts, and will soon add thereto an area from the Crow reservation in Montana as large as Connecticut. These vast areas are rapidly filling up with a population of typical Americans, and their influence will be felt heavily in the census of 1900. The political reapportionment which will follow it will carry the balance of political power far away to the West, from New York and the other pivotal states.

WHEN Mr. FASSETT was nominated by the Republicans for governor of New York, he immediately sent his resignation as collector of the port to President HARRISON. A week later, when Congressman FLOWER was nominated for the same office by the Democrats, he at once resigned his seat in the national House of Representatives. These two examples put Governor HILL in no enviable light. It will be remembered that he was elected United States Senator from New York last winter, and that his term began on March 4 last. He still clings to both offices, and can draw the salary of both.

HENRY LABOUCHERE, member of Parliament and editor of London *Truth*, in reply to the question, put by a reporter of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, "What do you think of the McKinley tariff?" frankly answered:

> I have never believed that the principles of political economy are of universal application. Free trade suits us, but if I had been an American I should have been a protectionist twenty years ago.

THE Boston *Herald*, Democrat, refers to CAMPBELL'S Sidney speech under the suggestive head "Overmatched," and says:

> It may be that the telegraphic abstract of Governor Campbell's speech at Sidney does injustice to the arguments advanced by him in support of the free coinage plank which the Buckeye Democrats so foolishly inserted in their platform. But if we can judge of his effort by the sample given us, it was very ineffective.

THE New York *World* complacently declares, refering to Ohio, that "ROGER Q. MILLS practically puts the silver issue out of the campaign." The *World* will find it will not stay put out. Neither Mr. MILLS nor any other man, nor all the Ohio Democratic leaders combined can keep silver out of the Ohio campaign, after the state Democratic convention put a silver plank in its platform.

"A FAIR day's wages for a fair day's work"—that is the essence of the protective policy.

A PICAYUNE PLEA.

The Democratic papers of New York city are evidently hopeless of the success of FLOWER and the Tammany state ticket unless they can rouse the prejudices of the masses of the metropolis against Mr. FASSETT and his Republican confreres. They don't discuss the tariff nor the silver issues; they are making a fight over an issue that was settled more than a year ago—the location of the World's Fair at Chicago, instead of at New York. They first attempt to prove that Mr. PLATT was entirely responsible for the fact that New York did not get the fair; second, they assume that as Mr. PLATT is a Republican, the Republican party of New York is responsible for his alleged action. Hence this picayune display of soreheadedness.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* is a straight out Democratic paper, and has more manliness than its New York contemporaries. It says:

> The people really responsible for the fair's going to Chicago are the New Yorkers themselves. Those who had anything to do with raising money, who were familiar with the public and private talk of the town, were fully informed as to the cordial unanimity with which whole classes of the community did not want the fair. If they had really wanted it, and had taken the trouble to let their wishes be known, neither party would have dared let the fair slip.

It is a fact well known to every man who took pains to acquaint himself with public sentiment in New York city at the time the question of the World's Fair was debated, that the very men of all others who should have been active did not do anything towards securing it for New York. The New York boom was a very hollow affair, engineered by the newspapers almost exclusively. The hotel men, saloon-keepers and the real estate speculators were the only ones who were really anxious to have it located there, as a rule. The writer was in New York at the time the newspapers were booming the Fair most frantically, and was astonished to find not only absolute indifference on the part of the business public, but opposition also. Curiosity prompted some investigation as to the reasons for this, and the feeling was found very general among the business men down town, who reside at the upper end of the island, that the facilities for passenger traffic are now too limited, and that they did not desire the World's Fair because it would be utterly impossible to handle the throng of visitors, and that the resident population would necessarily share in the delay and inconvenience. Another reason often assigned was, that the city itself had not sufficient area easily accessible both by land and water for so large an exposition; and added to this is the fact that New York is notoriously selfish about furnishing money for any public occasion such as this. The failure of the Grant monument is a conspicuous example. The feeling seemed to be, even among many favorable to locating the Fair in New York, that the government should do everything, and that the city ought not to be called upon to bear any of the expenses.

Chicago hustled for the plum, and got it. It was not Mr. PLATT'S fault, nor that of any individual.

Publishers' Desk.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce *four* NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ, and is the most authentic representation of the favorite sport of the Roman people. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The walls are adorned with gold statues, images of deities, reliefs and altars. The base of an obelisk, brought by Augustus from Egypt, and a triumphal arch glistening in the sunlight, add classic beauty to the picture. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and fine execution. The varied expressions of emotion by the Roman women in the foreground; the grace of pose; the draping of their classical robes and harmonious colors, exhibit the technical skill and rare imaginative power of this great painter.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. The fixed look of Napoleon the Great, his contracted mouth, pose upon his horse, as well as the gloomy shade of feeling in the faces of Marshals Ney and Berthier, tell clearly the beginning of his downfall. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter he has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants had fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $570,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture. In order to paint Napoleon correctly, Meissonier obtained the original overcoat of the Emperor from the Paris Museum, and to secure a more complete effect, painted this figure on the roof of his studio in a snow storm. Meissonier died in Paris, January 31, 1891.

"Christ Leaving the Prætorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches, of the greatest religious painting of the century, as it is one of the most wonderful creations of the genius of Gustave Dore. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture. The reproduction is engraved with the greatest care, preserving all the beautiful softness and value of the original, and has been pronounced by art critics to be equal in execution to the marked proofs sold by subscription only, for $100 each, in the Dore gallery, London.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The subject is taken from all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. He has covered the canvas with the tempestuous ocean, with no land in sight, and the Roman ship, dismasted on a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Her spars are broken, her sails hang entangled with ropes at her side, and her anchors are dragging. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of this sublime and admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First." The original picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy and for some months the best engravers were at work to produce a fac-simile by photo-etching, thus giving to the American public a truthful copy of this wonderful original.

"Nap'oon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his effects held by Judge Hilton for $60,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 14th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Prætorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face. Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. The copy we offer is 17x24 inches, in colors.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The original was painted at the height of Turner's fame and splendid colorist; and was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, for $30,000. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the Piazzetta. On the right are the dress and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x24 inches, black and white, faithfully reproducing every detail of the original.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for One Dollar.

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for $1.50.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE CAMPAIGN SEASON.

We are now preparing and arranging our terms for campaign three months' subscribers to the Weekly BLADE in clubs. We want from 20,000 to 30,000 short-time subscribers, and we are going to offer confidential terms to agents for three-months' clubs, which shall be very profitable. We want at least one person at every postoffice in the United States to act as agent. Send on a postal card an application, and we will send our confidential terms by mail. This will give you an opportunity to make several dollars by a very few days' work. Our campaign terms for club subscribers to the Weekly BLADE will be very low. Send for our confidential terms, and when you apply, don't forget to ask also for a sample copy of the Weekly BLADE

TO BOYS WHO WISH TO MAKE POCKET MONEY.

A considerable demand has sprung up in many quarters for copies of the Weekly BLADE, to be sold on the streets in towns and cities. This demand is increasing, and we refer to it here because we think many boys and young men—boys in school, for instance—can make some spending-money by selling the Weekly BLADE in the town or city in which they may live.

If you wish to try it, write us a letter asking for terms and instructions for selling the Weekly BLADE on the streets Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

Last fall we printed the new tariff law, occupying nearly four of THE BLADE'S pages, and sold many thousand copies. The Ohio campaign has renewed the demand; so we have just issued a new edition, which is now ready. It contains the full text of the McKinley bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes—complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added notes to the different schedules, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send two 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send two copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy and the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

OUT OF PRINT.

All our copies of "Social Etiquette," by Miss Bouton, are sold; and there is no use of sending in any further orders for the book as we cannot fill them. It is out of print.

We have a few copies left of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty." When these are gone, this book will also be out of print. Those who desire a copy of this, Miss Bouton's best book, should order immediately, before the few still remaining on hand are disposed of. The price is $1 per copy, postpaid by mail. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Gen. Grant.
RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Calvin.
EMINENT MEN—Benjamin Harrison.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait..... 25c
Any three portraits..... 50c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

HARD CUSTOMERS.

Trials and Tribulations of a Mild Bill Collector.

A man sat at a desk, busily writing. A young fellow entered and handed him a paper.

"What's this, young man?"

"That bill from Wesley & Co."

"Oh, yes. Won't you sit down?"

"Haven't time. I want the money on this bill."

"But I have no money."

"That's what you always say."

"Yes, and I am always truthful."

"Can't you pay some on it?"

"If I haven't any money, how am I going to pay any on it?"

"I tell you it's getting pretty tiresome coming up there."

"I know it and it so, young fellow."

"Can't you tell me when you will pay?"

"I can't promise that, but I'll promise to tell you when I do pay."

"Well, the firm has about decided to do something."

"Glad to know it, and will help them all I can."

"You shouldn't expect me to keep on running after you."

"I don't expect it of you. In fact I wish you wouldn't."

"I have worn out my shoes nearly, and all on your account."

"Nearly worn out your shoes. Well, I declare, that's too bad. Let me see, what number do you wear?"

"About a seven."

"All right," said the man, reaching under the desk and drawing out a pair of shoes, "here is a pair that I think will just fit you. Take them and wear them in remembrance of me, and when I have caused you to wear out another pair I will let you have the ones I now have on. It has been my rule never to let the innocent suffer on my account. Good-by."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

For the Blade.

M'KINLEY, HE IS RIGHT.

Air—"Tramp, tramp, tramp."

Oh, the Democrats are sick; they are like a rotten stick
That has lost its heart, its grain, its bark, its sap;
See, in agony they stand, with imploring, lifted hands,
Toward the prophet who has fed them free trade pap!

Chorus—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!
See, from every side they come!
For McKinley he is right, and we'll bear him in the fight,
To the chair that stands beneath the Columbus dome!

There is Campbell, there is Brice, they together fixed things nice,
And they two went chasing rainbows o'er On Hill;
But on the other side they are stuck in free trade muck,
And you bet 'tis Johnny Bull that pays the bill!

McKinley's cutting wide a swath with protection's scythe and snath,
But the harvest will be greater far next year;
For from off the mountain slopes, friends are coming with their votes,
That will help protection's man within the chair.

For our workshops, farms and looms, for our wives, our hearths, our homes,
For our little children's brick and log house schools,
With the ballot in our hand, we will boldly take the stand
That to foreign craft we never will prove tools!

F. B. W.

HER CASE WAS "URGENT."

She Woke Up a Drug Clerk at 4:30 in the Morning.

"Hello there!"

She rang vigorously at the night-bell of a Sixteenth street drug store.

To say "night" bell is a misnomer. It was before 5 o'clock yesterday morning.

She rang again. And again. And again, and again and again.

Each minute she became more disturbed in mind.

"Oh, dear," she gasped at the end of five minutes, "if he doesn't come soon I'll miss the train."

"What—is—it?"

"Such shiftlessness! Is this what you call New York enterprise? They never treated me like this in Toledo!"

"Well, this drug store doesn't open till 7:30 o'clock."

"But I say my case is urgent."

"Any one dying?"

"No."

"Baby got the colic?"

"Sir!"

"Corn cure?"

"I'll call an officer if you insult a lady like that, sir."

"Well, this is a pretty time to come around before daylight and waking up New York! Here, I went out to a dance and didn't get home till three. Now, you wake a hardworked man out of his well-earned dreams. What do you want, anyway?"

"I'm going on a trip to join my newly-made husband at Coney Island, and I must have some prepared chalk."

"That's all bosh."

"Sir!"

"Go with your freckles. He'll love you just the same if he's true blue. I can't encourage giving a woman prepared chalk at 4:30 o'clock in the morning."

And he slammed down the window without ever saying good-by.—[N. Y. World.

Useful if Not Ornamental.

"How was it your father's scheme for keeping out the flies didn't work?"

"It worked all right at first. Not a fly would cross the sugar and molasses pa had laid all round the house, and the neighbors were advising him to patent the scheme—when one day the house suddenly filled up with flies."

"Strange. How do you account for it?"

"Pa's bald-headed brother came to visit us."—[Brooklyn Life.

Contradictory Evidence.

Rev. Texte—There were apparently no poor people in the congregation this morning, Deacon Cashly?

Deacon Cashly (who is also treasurer)—If you had seen the collection you would have thought just the contrary.—[Religious Herald.

Science Causerie.

Jupiter's Distinctive Spots.

Mr. W. F. Denning, the English astronomer, calls the attention of telescopists to the improved conditions that now exist for studying the great red spot as also the other markings of Jupiter. The great red spot first attracted much attention in 1878, though there is no reason to suppose that it was a new phenomenon. Its conspicuousness has varied considerably since then and its color has changed still more—from a brick red in 1881 to a very light tint, scarcely distinguishable from other parts of the planet's surface. It is now of a bright pink color, with a whitish central area, and the whole is shaped like an oval ring drawn out to a point at each end.

The variable motion of the spot has excited special interest among astronomers. In July, 1879, its period of rotation was 9 days, 55 min., 34.2 sec., but in July, 1886, the period was nearly 7 seconds longer. The renewed study of Jupiter's spots may richly reward astronomers in their efforts to determine whether it is in a solid or liquid state, and whether any part of its disk glows with a distinct intrinsic light. Were the spots fixed upon a solid surface they would necessarily complete their rotations in precisely equal times. But the fact that their periods of rotation differ considerably (the red spot requiring five minutes longer than the white spots near the equator) leads irresistibly to the conclusion that the Jovian globe is not solid, and hence that it is but little, if at all, fitted to be the abode of life. The habitability of the planet is rendered more improbable by the apparent evidence that its internal heat is quite powerfully felt on the surface. Its ruddy colored belts, undergoing frequent changes of form, appear like vapor zones agitated by terrific tempests, which can only be accounted for by the combined action of the planet's fierce internal fires with the much milder play of solar radiation.

Reclamation of the Sahara.

The most remarkable example of reclamation by means of artesian well water, is found in the desert provinces or departments of Algeria under the French rule. The area, officially given, of French Algeria, is 184,465 square miles. The outlying portion is put at 135,000 square miles. In this total of over 320,415 square miles, one-half belongs to the Sahara desert. Cultivation by means of flowing well waters has been sedulously fostered by the French colonial government. Such wells began systematically to be bored in 1857, the French engineer, M. Jus, having demonstrated in 1856 that the desert was endowed with large supplies of underground water.

The total number of wells that have been bored since that date in the departments of Algiers, Oran and Constantine is stated at 13,135. These wells range from 75 to 400 feet in depth, and the low pressure common to the majority of them forces the water over the casings to a distance of about two feet above the ground. The waters are then collected in small ditches, which convey them to the vineyards, date trees and fields of durra, millet, wheat, etc., which comprise the chief products. In all about 12,000,000 acres have been reclaimed in this way. The government bores are at least 1-10 of the whole number.

Cause of the Sky's Blueness.

The interesting discovery that oxygen in its liquid state is blue has been made by M. Olszewski. To obtain this appearance it is only necessary to have a sufficient quantity of the liquid to form a layer about a twenty-fifth of an inch in thickness. This blue color is precisely that of the sky. This is significant. The thought will at once occur that the blueness of the sky is due to the intrinsic color of the oxygen of the atmosphere. For it is reasonable to suppose that though the atmosphere does only contain oxygen in its gaseous form, the layer of many miles in thickness through which we gaze may manifest the color which rightly belongs to oxygen, and is shown in the liquid state of that gas in a layer of only one-twenty-fifth of an inch in thickness.

Magnetic Heat Engine.

One of the scientific curiosities presented at a recent meeting of the Royal society in London was a heat engine, which depended for its action upon the fact that nickel is magnetic at ordinary temperature but suddenly becomes non-magnetic at 572 degrees Fahrenheit.

A slip of nickel attached to a disc of copper was suspended by two strings so that it could swing like a pendulum. To one side of it there was mounted a magnet, which ordinarily attached the nickel and held it. By placing a spirit-lamp below the disc it became heated until the nickel was demagnetized and fell off, the pendulum making a swing.

During this oscillation the nickel again cooled and was attracted. The result was that the disc was kept in fairly uniform oscillation.

Artificial Quinine.

The new artificial quinine, produced by Messrs Grimaux and Armaud, of Paris, is mentioned as one of the great discoveries of the year. It is obtained by treating the base, cuprein; of a Brazilian shrub, with sodium, then treating the resulting compound with chloride of methyl. The product is quinine absolutely identical with the substance that has become so familiar and so indispensable.

Much has been said on the subject of late suppers, but a recent concensus of opinion at a meeting of medical practitioners was the following: Brain workers should not go to bed supperless, but some nutritious, easily digested article should be eaten. A bowl of stale bread and milk, rice or farinaceous food, with milk or hot soup, was highly recommended.

Preserving Wire Ropes.

One of the most satisfactory methods of treating wire ropes, to insure their better preservation, is to boil graphite in tallow, and apply this butter-like mixture either with a brush, or let the rope run through a vessel of trumpet form, filled with the grease, the lubrication to be repeated about every four weeks; this treatment is found to be a protection against rust, preventing also abrasion when the rope comes in contact with any hard bodies or substances. Graphite grease also prevents the rubbing of the several wires together or against each other, as it finds the way even into the smallest interstice.

Instantaneous Photographs.

The photographic analysis of rapid movements has made great progress. In a recent series of instantaneous photographs, Anschutz, of Lissa, has secured 24 successive impressions of a dog in the act of making a single jump over a low bush, and each impression is not a mere silhouette, as was the case with Muybridge's first attempts of this kind, but a little picture showing half-tone and detail. Some of the attitudes, never caught by the eye, seem quite amusing. This is true at the commencement of the jump, when the dog's hind toes only touch the ground; and at the end of the jump, when his legs are gathered together in a heap.

Short Science Notes.

The name "grippe" is supposed to be derived from the Polish word "chrypka" meaning catarrh.

It is a fact not generally known that lobsters and several other crustaceans will renew a claw should one be lost in fighting or by accident.

Although tobacco had been introduced into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh over a century before, it was not until 1620 that the tobacco pipe, in its form as we now know it, was introduced. Its invento was Johann Franz Jacob Villarius. Before that date tobacco was smoked from clay cinders.

The earth travels in its orbit around the sun at an average rate of about nineteen miles a second. Owing to the revolution around its own axis, a point on the surface of the earth at the equator travels at the rate of seventeen miles a minute, and in our latitudes about eleven miles a minute.

A most remarkable alloy of gold and aluminium is now under the examination of scientists. It is of a beautiful, rich purple color. This royal metal will make a handsome addition to those now used for purposes of adornment. From all accounts it seems amenable to the methods of jewelers in making their gold ornaments.

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges cook food and warm rooms for many millions.

Farmer Pizentung—Yer a agent fur a Chicago rain-perducin' house, are ye? Wasn't there some one from your house here last week?

Agent—Yes, my friend, there was, I guess. But he disappeared and I'm covering his territory.

Farmer P.—Well, ef ye want to see yer friend, thar he is—just whar we strung him up. We don't want no fellers settin' off sample rain-perducin' bombs around here at harvest time, understand?—[Chicago Herald.

SCULPTOR LOUIS REBISSO.

The Italian Maker of the Chicago Grant Statue.

Louis Rebisso, sculptor of the Grant statue, the massive work that now crowns the stone arch near the Lincoln Park shore, in the city of Chicago, is an Italian by birth. He came to this country when quite a young man and has since devoted himself to his art, at the same time pursuing diligently

LOUIS REBISSO.

the study of the language and customs of his adopted country, so that he is now as thorough an American as can be found and as fully in sympathy with the hopes and aspirations of the country. He is small of stature, but vigor is testified in his every movement.

He speaks English well but not fluently. He is a reserved man and has not the faculty of impressing his personality on others. He states he can speak best through his chisel. Mr. Rebisso is one of the instructors in the Cincinnati Art school, which duties he attends to in connection with the public works upon which he has been engaged. His other great statues are the equestrian one of Gen. McPherson in Washington, 14 feet high, and the standing statue of the same hero over his grave at Clyde. He is now completing the casts of an equestrian statue of Gen. William H. Harrison the city of Cincinnati, which will soon go to the foundry.

GEN. TOM EWING ON BLAINE.

The ex-Ohio Democrat Discusses Him as a Presidential Quantity.

New York letter to Cincinnati Enquirer, September 24.

It had been more than a year since I met Gen. Ewing, of Ohio by birth and New York by adoption. Gen. Ewing is a kinsman of Blaine and not unlike him in looks. [But he is a strong Democrat.] So, as he strolled into the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a delightful chat recalled some of the political history of recent years.

"General," I asked, "do you think Blaine is a Presidential candidate?"

"No," he answered, "not in the sense you ask the question. I think that if his health is fully restored he will not resist the popular demonstration now in his favor."

Said I: "General, what is your opinion as to his health?"

"That I cannot answer without reserve. All I hear of him now comes by way of report, quite favorable. When Mr. Blaine, however, left New York for Bar Harbor he was a very sick man. After he had been stricken I called upon the family in this city. I found Mrs. Blaine very apprehensive. Upon a request made on my part to see her husband, Mrs. Blaine said, 'No, General, I think it best not. It would only shock you to see him as he is now and know it would mortify him.'"

"Did you learn," I asked, "the true cause of his illness?"

"Not exactly," said he, "but you know Blaine is very sensitive touching his health. Indeed, so much so that he is called frequently in such respect a crank. It seems that what gave the family the most profound shock was his inability to speak. You know the lines of mouth have always been pursed, and in his manner of talk one could always imagine the mouth filled with hot mush or something he was anxious to get out. Still, this had none of the characteristics of paralysis, because it extended only to the mouth and was readily overcome."

"Do think Blaine could be elected if nominated?" I asked.

After some reflection the general said: "I think this: Mr. Blaine to-day is the most popular American alive. If he is the nominee of the Republican party, I feel assure that in this city he would poll a vote such as no other candidate could draw. His candidature would give the Democrats more trouble than any other within the province of the nominating house. His strength is centered in the very stronghold the Democrats must have to carry—New York. Indeed, taking every view into consideration, I think if the opportunity ever came to Blaine to be President of the United States, it is nearer to him now than it ever was."

How He Did It.

"Darling," he murmured, "do you remember the night I left you six years ago, vowing that I would not look you in the face again until I counted myself worthy? To-night, my queen, I am a rich man. Tell me again that you do indeed love me."

"I do," she answered, as she lay back in his strong arms and sighed as she thought of the long, weary years she had waited for the Metropolitan museum of art to open on Sunday. "But, tell me, dear, how you made your fortune."

"That is easily done," he replied gayly. "After I left the house that night I hastily entered the cab, but had not driven a block when the driver fell off the box in an apoplectic fit."

"And then?" she questioned, anxiously.

"And then," he went on, with an exultant ring in his voice, "I took his place."—[Life.

Thirst for Knowledge.

Tramp (with an old school book)—Say, mister, will yer kindly tell me what letter this is?"

Pedestrian—"Certainly. That's I. Can't you read?"

"No, sir; but I'm tryin' ter learn, an' I sha'nt rest till I do, nuther."

"I am delighted to find so laudable an ambition in one of your class. You have taken the right cour-e at last."

"Yes, sir. It's mighty rough on a travler like me not ter be able to tell whether a sign says 'Beware o' the Dog' or 'Free Lunch Opening.'"—[Good News.

Invited to Try It.

J. Boreton Gabley—"I am quite an enthusiastic advocate of cremation, don't you know. It's a grand idea; I think every one ought to be cremated."

Bronson—"Indeed! But why don't you practice what you preach?"—[Brooklyn Life.

—We want the name of every lady who sews, or is interested in sewing, no matter by what method you cut. Send immediately for valuable information. *Mrs. Flesher's Ladies' Tailor System is taught by mail,* and will be sent on *thirty days' trial free.* Address A. B. Flesher & Co., 30 East 14th, New York City.

"I THINK I'M FALLING IN LOVE"

So Says "Buster" Depew, and It is With a Pretty English Girl.

"Buster" Depew is in love. Every one knows "Buster" Depew, or if they don't they know his father, Chauncey M. Depew. As the story is told at all of the New York clubs, Chauncey M. Depew, jr., met and became enamored of the daughter of an English nobleman while traveling in Europe with his father and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Col. John W. Wilkinson, a Georgia merchant who has large orange groves in Florida, tells the story.

"I spent four years at Yale with Mr. Depew, and when I met him in London," said the colonel, "we renewed our old bonds of friendship. I asked Dr. Depew about his boy, Chauncey M. Depew, jr. I knew that Chauncey delighted to tell stories about him. He is not yet 15 years old, but is the brightest and brainiest boy in New York. He is a born orator, and can memorize speeches and speaks four languages, French, English, German and Italian. His mother, who was a member of the famous Haegerman family, is a remarkably accomplished woman. She taught her boy French and German. In the Depew family are two little girls, the orphaned daughters of Mrs. Depew's sister. Young Depew, I learned from Chauncey, is now spending his odd moments teaching the little girls French.

"Well, while abroad, 'Buster' met and fell in love with the pretty little daughter of Roderick Coningsby, who belongs to the nobility of old England. They met at a reception to Dr. Depew just after the return of the Depew party from the Continent. When the children parted, it seems, little Chauncey went to his mother and let the cat out of the bag.

"'Mamma,' said he, in a diplomatic roundabout way, 'what do you think of the people you have met here in England?'

"'They are very charming and lovable people, and I always enjoy my visits to London,' Mrs. Depew answered.

"'And what do you think of the Coningsbys, aren't they nice people, mamma?'

"This was said in a rather anxious tone, as though the boy feared his mother wouldn't agree with him.

"'Little by little the little fellow found out that the Coningsbys were held in high esteem by his mother. Then he asked her the all-important question.

"'Mamma,' he said, 'would it be proper for me to write to a young lady here in England?'

"'Why, little boy, what do you mean?'

"'I think I am falling in love with an English girl, and, do you know, I want to tell you all about it.' Then young Depew told of his fancy for the pretty daughter of the house of Coningsby and was duly referred to his father, who asked the lad for the symptoms.

"'Why, Buster, are you going back on all the pretty American girls in New York?'

"After finding that the symptoms had not fully developed and that 'Buster' wouldn't be called upon to meet the child again for a long time, Dr. Depew merely joked about the affair of the heart.

"'What, my boy, Buster, in love? Yes, with his father and mother,' said Mrs. Depew to a New York *World* reporter yesterday. 'Why, the little fellow doesn't have time for any love affairs outside of our own happy household. "Buster," as his father calls him, loves his books and politics. He knows every congressman and senator and what they have done. He knows all the Democratic and Republican leaders in the city and state. I have seen him sit at his father's knee and go over one of Gladstone's speeches from memory. He is a little statesman and orator. One night I heard voices in his room as I thought. It was long after midnight. I crept to the door and looked in. There was little Chauncey standing on his table among his books addressing an imaginary audience. He reads all the leading newspapers of the day with his father. He in love? Oh, no.

"'You know, Mr. Depew doesn't have much time to devote to his books. The first thing he does in the morning is to take Chauncey on his knee, and together they go over the newspapers.'

"'The love affair is not serious then?'

"There was a silvery laugh:

"'Really that is amusing. He isn't fifteen years old yet, and his father and mother will have his love for years, we hope.'"

GRAINS OF GOLD.

The society of good people is always good society.—[Julia Ward Howe.

Be a lamp in the chamber if you can not be a star in the sky.—[George Eliot.

I never judge a man by the length of his creed, but by the breadth of it.—[Uncle Ezek.

Every noble life leaves a fiber of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.—[Ruskin.

Thoreau's advice was: "Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all."

Be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.—[Heb. xiii., 5.

Many of us have two standards—one for ourselves that reaches the clouds, while the other, which we give to others, trails low in the dust.

The following rules for the government of children, which were first presented in one of Jacob Abbott's books, are said to have been of great service to many successful teachers:

When you consent, consent cordially.
When you refuse, refuse finally.
When you punish, punish good naturedly.
Commend often. Never scold.

All in the Family.

The New Haven *Palladium* calls attention to some facts about Block Island. One of the features of life there is inter-marriage. Non-intercourse with the mainland is encouraged, save in summer season, when, for revenue only, land-lubbers are tolerated; but for many years it has been considered very much out of the way for a Block Islander to marry any one from off the island. The natural result has ensued. Family names abound. The list of voters on the island indicates the existence of as complete and powerful aristocracy—humble though it may be in the possession of worldly goods—as the earth can show. The population is about one thousand four hundred; total number of voters, 433. Of these 41 answer to the name of Mitchell. There are 39 by the name of Dodge; Littlefield, 37; Ball, 33; Sprague, 33; Rose, 31; Mott, 20; Allen, 16; Willis, 14—total, 346. That is, nine families furnish 246 of 433 voters—over three-fifths.

His Head Needs a New Crown.

The German emperor has been measured for a new crown. It will be made in the most approved fall and winter shape. Some people think that this is an unnecessary bit of extravagance. They say the old crown is just about as good as new, and would do very well for another season with a little renovating. To be sure, the emperor's head has increased in size, so that the old crown is a little snug; but that difficulty could be readily obviated by taking it to some establishment which advertises, "Your Crown Blocked While You Wait."—[New York Tribune.

S. V. WHITE.

The Great Wall Street Operator Who Has Just Failed.

Stephen Van Cullen White, whose failure has created so great a sensation, has been a pillar in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., for a number of years. He was born August 1, 1831, in Chatham county, N. C., his father being a descendant of a Pennsylvania Quaker

"DEACON" WHITE.

family, which migrated South after the Revolution, and his mother a member of one of the oldest families of his native state. His father was a bitter opponent of slavery and was compelled to leave the state during the Nat Turner uprising in 1831, six months after young Stephen was born. The elder brother paid for his tuition in Knox college in 1854. After graduating from college he became a bookkeeper in St. Louis. He was admitted to the bar subsequently and began practice in Des Moines, Iowa.

He was successful, but in 1865 came to New York and joined a Wall street firm, which was afterwards known as Marrin & White, and in 1882 as S. V. White & Co. Mr. White made his greatest reputation upon the Street in connection with Delaware, Lackawanna & Western stock in March, 1884. He cleared at least $1,000,000 by the operation. He was a great friend of the late Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. White's downfall is owing to his being a "bull" on corn. He carried 15,000,000 bushels and the price had fallen from 70 to 52, making his losses some $2,000,000. He is a member of Plymouth church, and for years was its treasurer; and his associates on the street hence nicknamed him "Deacon" White.

ADVICE TO TALKERS.

"Brevity Is the Soul of Wit"—"Modesty Becometh the Wise Man."

If you are a real blooming idiot always sit in the middle of the room: if you are a wise man you will sit in the corner. Speak of yourself as little as possible; the rest of the company will do enough talking about you when you are not present. Speak well of the absent, says the Chicago *Herald*, unless you are sure they are quite dead or have left the country never to return, otherwise you may sometimes find yourself in an embarrassing position.

In a stormy discussion, take care not to take sides with either party until you see which has the best of it, and then you can do a good deal of talking. In a general conversation, never joke with a superior, however innocent your pleasantry may be, because you may be using the only joke he has in stock, and he won't like you ever afterward. However absurd may be a tale which Is told you, if the narrator assures you that it is true, you must appear to believe it thoroughly; that is, you must give no sign of incredulity. At the church social, the minister says what seems to be improbable, it is not good form to exclaim, "Oh, rats!" If you desire to put yourself on record as a disbeliever, you can make sundry sly motions, and quietly wink at the others present in a manner that will show that you are on to his little story.

Don't talk politics in the presence of ladies, for to do so proves at once that you are deficient both in tact and politeness. To them politics is as uninteresting as "the three stitches, cross four, purl two," is to men. Do not deliberately tell a lie if you have any reason to suspect that there are those present who know your are falsifying; but if, after telling a lie, you discover by the expression on some one's face that you have been found out, take the doubling one aside and in some manner square yourself before the task assumes gigantic proportions.

And Don't You Forget It.

A young man sometimes speaks of his finances when really he hasn't a single one of them.

A man keeps his friend's secrets behind a veil, but he keeps his own behind a lock and key.

No matter how prompt actors may be at rehearsal, there is always a man who is prompter.

How many people would be dumb if they were forbidden to flatter themselves and slander others.

The business man's golden rule is: "Do others if you can, but don't let yourself be done by others."

Most people stop wishing for happiness after they have passed 30, and are wishing for contentment instead.—[Hebrew Standard.

The Golden Goose.

Man, in his greed for gain, not infrequently "kills the goose that lays the golden egg." This is illustrated in the conduct of French peasants, who, when the price of land increased enormously, cut down the hedges and substituted thin fences. The result has been to deprive the birds of nesting places, and consequently to drive them away. Consequently, insects, in the absence of their natural enemy, have rapidly increased and are destroying the crops which formerly were protected by the birds.

A Dubious Situation.

Rev. Joseph Gravely (giving his views on the evils of card playing during a pastoral call)—As I was saying, I am in doubt—

Parrot (interrupting eagerly)—When you are in doubt play trumps!

(And no member of that family has been able to account for the parrot's utterance to the satisfaction of the pastor.)—[Kate Field's Washington.

Delayed.

Briggs—"I saw your wife in a dry goods store yesterday morning."

Griggs—"You did, eh? She must have been pricing something."

Briggs—"Why so?"

Griggs—"She was late to dinner last night."—[Cloak Review.

Ready to Imbibe.

De Tank—"I have been laboring with Bumso to get him to drink with moderation."

Blossom—"What did he say?"

De Tank—"He was delighted and wanted to know where he could meet him."—[New York Herald.

And He "Did" Him.

"There's nothing to be done here," said Hicks at the seashore.

"Nothing but guests," said the hotel proprietor.—[Brooklyn Life.

THE FORGOTTEN LOVE.

She said: "'Tis best that we forget;
'Tis best that life should part us two."
She said: "'Tis best!" Her eyes were wet.
She said: "I will not think of you."

He said: "'Tis easy to forget;
The years go fast, I fear not fate.
You will be glad," he said; and yet
They lingered though the hour was late.

The years go fast, and day by day
And night by silent night these two
Still to their separate hearts must say
That they forget—nor find it true.
—[Buffalo Commercial.

A Fable for Farmers.

Atchison, Kan., Globe.

A certain farmer took a load of corn to town to sell, but when told how much he would received for it, he howled loudly, "It is an outrage," he screamed, "and I will not submit to it. I will form an alliance, which will withhold corn until the dealers are compelled to pay a high price for it." Whereupon he went out into the street, and called about him a crowd of workingmen who were going to dinner. "I am offered only 40 cents for my corn, when I ought to receive 80. Join me in an alliance through which I can get 80 cents, so that I can pay my debts and have money to invest in mortgages."

Immediately a great round of applause went up from the assembled workingmen, one of whom shouted: "Hurrah! We workingmen eat too much. By banding with the farmers and keeping up the price of corn 100 per cent, our corn doctors will be reduced to half their present size, and we will always be free from dyspepsia."

Wanted—A setter to point a moral to the above.

Historical.

A wondrous concert then there was,
Great harmony arose
When Nero played the fiddle
And the firemen played the hose.
—[Washington Evening Star.

EDUCATIONAL.

Are You Satisfied With Your Mental Habits?

The mistaken notion that education is completed with school or college course has done a deal of harm. Do you feel discouraged with your mental habits; do you be wall lost opportunities? Why not shake off your apathy and begin systematic reading? The Chautauqua Circle offers you wisely chosen books, a definite plan and many aids and suggestions. Begin the "American Year" this autumn and study the history, government and literature of your own land. "The work has been an unbounded pleasure—in fact my only resource," writes a Texas member. Write for details to Office C. L. S. C., Buffalo, N. Y.

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HOME TALKS.

A QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED.

One Part of the World Knows Little of How the Other Part Lives—Women Wage-Earners—At the Coming World's Fair.

I WAS reading the other day about a woman in middle life who was able to indulge all of her whims, having wealth to command. She declares that she was born much too soon into the world, because, in her childhood days, little ones were allowed to have so small a modicum of the dolls and toys that are heaped upon them in these times even in the homes where means are limited. To make up for what she missed then, she has all sorts of pets, and buys every mechanical toy that strikes her fancy, no matter what its cost. The collection she calls her menagerie, and once a month she winds them all up and spends a happy half day in watching the resulting activity.

I fancy there are many other people who feel that they were born too soon into the world to have the extreme of enjoyment when they were children, because so much more attention is paid now to furnishing things for the amusement of the latter. The number of pretty books are multiplied indefinitely; magazines exquisitely illustrated and with stories written by leading authors, are numerous, while the inventive powers of the age are exercised in producing wonderful toys that even to mature minds are both interesting and amusing.

Yet there is another side to this question. Children years ago were far less exacting than they are to-day. Playthings that are despised if offered now, to ye little ones of bygone days would have been a never ending source of delight. Their very scarcity added to their value. There is always a surfeit where there is no limit to abundance. I do not believe that the average child has any better times now than they used to when a wax-doll was a *rara avis*, or a stick of candy a bonanza of wealth to the childish receiver.

It is, after all, the spirit of the age that has penetrated the children as well as their elders. It is the restlessness, the dissatisfaction with the present that holds them in its bonds, though it could be given no name. Change is in the air, and the desire for it pushes them—the little ones—on from one thing to another with the same relentless determination that it does the grown man or woman. It is the same cry of "more" that echoes everywhere, so that even the children do not escape from its influence.

These people who believe that they were born too soon for a full measure of satisfaction would probably repeat their experience could they be born over again. Events move rapidly in these days, and a few years of the present holds more radical changes than a half century in the old times. There is no reason to suppose that the same may not be true in the future. It is hard to imagine, though, any swifter movement than that which now makes our heads swim to contemplate.

"IT is astonishing," said a thoughtful woman to me the other day, "what an interest there is in bettering the condition of the working women. It is a good thing, too, that this interest grows, for the number of those who are compelled to earn their daily bread by work outside of the home is increasing every day."

"Do you think their condition is improving as a whole?" I asked.

"Certainly I do," she answered earnestly. "Only see how many people are interesting themselves in their welfare. Think of the pleasant homes which are opened for them; of the libraries established for their use; of the efforts to give them opportunities to improve their minds; of the care with which their interests are looked after by those who are wiser, and because of their position, more powerful. Surely there is no question about the matter."

I did not pursue the subject but there came to me the memory of what I had lately read of facts disclosed by the report of the United States Bureau of Labor in this direction. Of course the report was necessarily imperfect from the difficulty of getting reliable information—it being a new thing and the machinery not yet in good working order. From Helen Campbell's summing up, however, it appears that the average wages per week in cities is $5.57, and this is for skilled labor, remembering the proportion of the unskilled workers do not earn over four dollars and many of them but two, not enough to furnish them with decent food and lodging, to say nothing of clothing. Their home surroundings are anything but comfortable and uplifting and instead of being surprised that so many turn from a path of rectitude, which is one of dreary endurance, to ease and plenty—and sin, the wonder is that so many live honest, self-respecting lives. That the low wages which prevail as a rule for the poorer orders of workers is a menace to society is true, and the fact must be recognized in the count for the fut re.

We are shocked at the stories which come to us of the way in which many of the wage-earners live. Through Helen Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty" one part of the world learns how another part of the world, of whose existence it knows without realizing, struggles for an existence. She says "deliberate cruelty and injustice are met only now and then, but competition forces the working in as inexpensive a manner as possible, and so makes cruelty and injustice necessary to the continued existence of the employer as an industrial factor." I doubt that it is true, but there might be a better state of things if everybody was willing to pay what work is really worth. Banishing the infamous "sweating" system, in vogue in all of our large cities, and with a disposition to demand for a dollar only what a dollar should buy, there would be less need of charity.

The best thing that can be done for the women who must be wage-earners is to put them into the way of becoming skilled laborers. A French writer says that "it is the inexorable law of our civilization—the principle and law of social progress—that mechanical engines are to accomplish every operation of human labor which does not proceed directly from the mind." That means that the man or woman who has nothing else to depend upon than the strength of a pair of arms has a losing game to play in the labor world.

Yet with all of the misery that exists among working women, there is no doubt but that as a whole their condition is growing better. There must always be a chaotic state during the transition from one state to another.

THE women of these United States can not fail to feel a thrill of pride and joy when they look around them and see the great strides forward that they have made in the last quarter of a century. Go back even to the great Exposition of '76, only fifteen years ago, and recall the meager representation woman's work had there, and then think of what it will be at the coming one at Chicago. A woman architect will be represented by one of the buildings, and it will be something of which women will have no reason to be ashamed. So it will be in other professions and industries to which women have recently turned their attention, and entered into competition with masculine brains.

The sign of promise to me for the future is the fact that men are coming to judge of the accomplishment of women by its merits as to results, without bringing in the question of sex. Once a thing was very well done—for a woman—but it could not be compared with what masculine skill and labor could effect. That day is rapidly approaching its eve tide, and soon will have faded into the past. Its passage is hastened by the change in the attitude of working women. They no longer expect to be favored because of their sex. They are learning that it has nothing to do with work that is to be done for wages. They are coming to scorn concessions that are made because of supposed weakness and inferiority.

This is at it should be, and it means the dawning of a still brighter day for woman in the world's future of accomplishment. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Conveniences.

IN many houses there is no hall, but a small entry in its place. These are usually not large enough to admit of even a hat-rack being placed in them, and the question is how to furnish them so that they will be a convenience.

One of the latest ideas for this is the boxes that are now made to be used as a receptacle for rubbers, overshoes, etc., and also as a seat. They can be elaborate as you desire, with bronze handles for lifting the cover, or they may be made of matched flooring varnished, and a cushion of cretonne or any material that will correspond with the carpet and draperies of the adjoining rooms.

One hall of this description, measuring 6 ft. by 4½ ft., was carpeted with linoleum, and had a box seat 4 ft. by 2 ft., 22 inches high, placed across one end, in front of the door. A cushion of crimson moreen was fastened to the cover, and the front and sides of the box were stained black walnut, and varnished. Over this seat was hung a folding hat-rack, and back of the door was a common sewer tile decorated prettily, and standing in a large flower pot saucer. This was used as an umbrella holder. In the opposite corner to this was just room enough for a small home-made stand, which held a card receiver. This stand was made of two pieces of board about ten inches square, which were joined by a broomstick sawed just long enough to make the stand the proper height, and stained to match the box. A scarf of crimson silk trimmed with fringe was draped from this and held in place by the card receiver. Curtains of cream silk with crimson flowers were hung at the sash door, and finished this hall, which though small and quite inexpensive, was very pretty and complete in every respect as far as convenience went. You can usually obtain the lumber for your boxes, etc., at a very low price, by purchasing the ends of boards that are left in putting in the floors in new houses. The carpenters will save them if you ask them, and you can have them sawed the proper length to fit the place where you wish the box to stand.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

SLUMBER PILLOWS.—These are made in all sorts of quaint shapes, and are very popular. Indeed, no easy chair or lounge is considered complete without one. Some of the prettiest are made of fine linen, so that they can be removed and washed when soiled. Usually these have some pretty design in flowers, etched or embroidered, with an appropriate quotation intermingled. A description of one shows a decoration of wild roses, while it was filled with dried rose leaves, that gave it a delightful fragrance. These pillows may be made square or round, according to fancy. A lovely one is covered with pumpkin-colored sateen, and over this a linen one which has a very open pattern stamped upon it, which is followed around with a button-hole stitch and the inside cut out. This top is laced over the sides to a plain under piece of linen. The work is done with yellow silk.

A very handsome cushion may be made of blue denim. Have a conventional pattern of flowers of brilliant coloring like tulips, nasturtiums, etc., stamped and worked around with deep button hole stitch. Then connect these with vines of the same colors, lines running in all directions. Hem the top thus worked and a plain piece of the same size, then put eyelets all along the edges and lace the cover back and forth over a full puff of silk, the color of the flowers, put around the cushion. This is very handsome. The flowers may be worked with linen if preferred.

ROMAN STRIPE FOR AFGHAN.—These are very pretty alternated with plain black ones, and put together with fancy cards. The directions for the Roman stripe are given as follows in *The Decorator and Furnisher*:

One row of canary color; two rows of olive green; one row of medium blue; one row of black; one row of cardinal; one row of white; two rows of olive green; one row of black; one row of canary, one row of white; four rows of scarlet; one row of black; three rows of scarlet, one row of pink; two rows of still darker scarlet; two rows of grass green; one row of blue; one row of canary; two rows of still darker; four rows of dark cardinal; three rows of darker; one row of canary; four rows of scarlet; two rows of pink; then Roman again; one row of blue.

For one stripe it requires five Roman spaces and four scarlet ones. The width of a stripe varies from 40 to 50 stitches, according to the number of stripes or the width of afghan.

These stripes are crocheted in the usual afghan stitch. Five or seven stripes can be used, depending upon the size. The black stripes may be embroidered if liked.

Mrs. H., Pittsburg:—As before stated, no more of the pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration, No. 3," will be issued when the present edition is exhausted. By sending 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., you can receive one immediately.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; e t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr. treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED SLIPPER, HONEY-COMB PATTERN.—Materials—One skein each of light and dark Scotch yarn or German knitting yarn, two steel needles. Cast on 12 stitches with dark yarn. 1st row—k plain. 2d row—k plain till you get to the last stitch—pick up one—k plain—k last one plain. 3d row—like 2d. 4th row—(a) —sl 2 dark stitches—k 2 plain with light yarn—(a)—repeat from (a) to (a) across. 5th row—sl 2 dark—p 2 light (a)—repeat from (a) to (a) across. 6th row—like 4th. 7th row—like 5th. 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th rows like 2d, with dark yarn. 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th rows like the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, in the same order. Repeat from 8th row till you have 66 stitches on your needle. Now divide for the sides of foot—k across first 22 stitches, preserving the honeycomb—then bind off loosely 22 stitches on the instep—k the remaining 22 the previous way until long enough to reach back of the heel—bind off loosely—k the other side the same—fasten strongly at the heel—turn wrong side out and sew to lamb's wool soles. Trim the top with a tufting made as follows: With both shades of yarn cast on 4 stitches—k across plain. 2d row—(a) insert the needle the usual way—wind the yarn 3 times around the needle and two first fingers of left hand—draw through (a)—repeat from (a) to (a). 3d row—plain—repeat from 2d row—sew to slippers after the rubber is inserted. Hope this is plain.—M. S. C.

STAR STITCH.—Make a chain the required length—take up 6 stitches as for the afghan stitches. You have now 6 loops on the needle. Thread over—draw it through that loop—this makes first star—put the needle through the hole made by drawing through the loop, which makes two loops on the needle—take up the back part of loop of last star for third loop—then on the chain where the last stitch of last star was for the 4th star. The 5th and 6th take from the two next stitches of chain. Draw the thread through the 6 loops—thread over—draw it through that loop—repeat from 2d star to end of row—break yarn at end of each row, as you cannot crochet "back and forth" in using this stitch. I hope these directions will prove explicit enough.—L. S.

Correspondence Clippings.

I wonder if there are any of the present members of the HOUSEHOLD who were members fourteen years ago, or more? And if there are, do they remember one "Handy Jim?" I have been a reader of THE BLADE and HOUSEHOLD much of the time since then, (fourteen years) but not a subscriber. I have traversed the continent from East to West. I have at last found a stopping place. How long a one it will be, I cannot tell. I see no letters from Western Nebraska. Are there no members here? Let us hear more from "Farmer's Daughter."—HANDY JIM.

I like the HOUSEHOLD department for many reasons: 1st, because it belongs to us women folks. 2d, because the editor seems to realize that we are not all rich people, with more money than brains. 3d, because I find so much that is pure and elevating in this department. It makes one feel better and nobler for reading it, and I find so many things that are useful and good. I send a few "hints" for those who wish to economize, believing, as I do, that every little helps: Save the twine that comes around parcels and the ravelings out of flour sacks, and wind in a ball and keep in kitchen cupboard, they are neat to save hunting for strings. Save papers and bags that come around parcels, for putting in bottom of your cake-pans, and for other uses. Save flour sacks, hem them to use for dish towels, and many other things I find for mine, more use than sacks. Save lard pail lids for jelly cake tins; cut worn out flannels in suitable sized pieces and lay away for wringing out of hot water for stomach or chest in cases of sickness, or to be saturated with oil and a little spirits of turpentine for croup or cold. Save all fish skins and soap suds around fruit trees and rose bushes, it helps them; also coffee and tea settlings if the trees are not too near the house. Save everything that is worth saving or that you can use to save buying new, and if you have more than you need give it to some one less fortunate.—WASHINGTON MAY.

Correspondence.

ABOUT SALADS.—I would say to "Farmer's Wife," to whom the salads are perplexing, that if she will place the vegetables in cold water to crisp, and use melted butter instead of oil, and a home-made wooden fork, most of her troubles would vanish. For supper beef is nice for breakfast or the farm supper. To prepare, take thin slices of dried beef, fry brown in butter, tallow from boiled beef or the grease from fried pork; add 1 pt. of milk, thicken with a spoonful of flour. When done, add 2 eggs; do not stir them too much, as they should be in small pieces; it is nice without the eggs. To freshen beef, pork or fish, soak a few hours in water; pour this off and replace with milk and water; I think it a great improvement to the flavor of the meat. One way to cook salt pork is to slice thin, soak over night in sweet milk and water, dip in flour, fry till done; take out the meat and all but three tablespoonfuls of the grease, mix a tablespoonful of flour in the grease, brown it, add 1 pt. of milk and a little salt; stir constantly till it boils. This gravy is much more wholesome than the grease alone on potatoes or bread.

GOOD COOKIES—One cupful sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter, beat to a cream; add 3 tablespoonfuls sour milk, scant teaspoonful soda and flour to make the dough the same as baking powder biscuit. Will give fruit cake and pumpkin pie recipes, without eggs, some other time.—MOLLIE.

FROM JEAN HUNT.—Mrs. Paris must have been mistaken when she stated that she colored her blue with diamond dyes, and that she washed all the color out. If she had followed the directions, and washed the yarn in, (I think the directions says), vinegar and water, and had boiled the yarn the given length of time, her yarn would not have "washed out." It is quite likely she simply let it get hot, but not boiling, and then rinsed it in clean water.

I have used every shade of blue Diamond dyes that is made, that for silk, cotton and wool, and if the goods is properly washed after dying (I wash it in warm soap suds, after getting out all the loose dye I can) it will not crock one particle. I say that the Diamond dyes are fast colors, and I say so from years of experience, not simply after having dyed some yarn.

The dark colors, such as garnet, navy blue, black and seal brown, require to be scoured in warm soap suds and to be rinsed in warm water until not a tinge dyes the water. If this is done they will not crock. Some people are ready to condemn an article that they know little or nothing about. Some, when wishing to dye woolen goods, will buy dyes suitable for cotton only, and blame the dyes for their work not being satisfactory. Others will try to dye three or four times as much goods as the amount dye calls for.

To show that they are fast colors, I will tell of a rag carpet that a friend made five years ago for her dining room. It was made mostly of white cotton rags dyed with diamond dyes. She used cerise, scarlet, yellow, orange, green, blue and violet for dying the white rags. Her woolen pieces were dyed with navy blue and seal brown. It was made hit and miss, all short pieces, and when done it was as pretty as any silk rag curtain you ever saw. Last year I saw the carpet, and she said it had been washed, and I can say it was almost as bright as when new. This proves, I think, that the dyes are fast. The carpet was first washed, or pounded a breadth at a time, in hot soap suds. Then lifted into a tub of hot rinse water, which contained a handful of salt; from this it was put upon the line, pinned along one edge and allowed to drip. When dry it was sewed and put down. This is a good way to wash ingrain or three-ply carpet.—JEAN HUNT.

Answers to Inquirtes.

"Mary M.:"—A lady should speak first, in meeting a gentleman with whom she is acquainted, and offer her hand if she desires to shake hands with him. It would not be proper for a lady to call upon a gentleman at his place of business, except for business purposes. You need not feel any anxiety on account of being "backward" in making a gentleman's acquaintance. If he cares for you he will find or make opportunities to see you, and any "efforts" you may make to "win him" will probably have the opposite effect, and lower you in his estimation. The editor cannot answer inquiries by private letters unless in exceptional cases.—ED.

"Mrs. J. L. Hosh:"—The Latin motto in the medal given to Washington after the evacuation of Boston—"*Hostibus primo fugatis*"—means "The enemy, for the first time, put to flight."—ED.

"A Constant Reader" is reminded of the rule of this office that the name of the correspondent must accompany all letters.—ED.

Reader:—The duties of the steward depends much upon the size of the hotel, and the plan upon which it is run. In a large hotel there is usually an outside steward who attends to buying the supplies for the house, and who is at the head of the working force. Next to him is the inside steward, who weighs and gives out the supplies as they are needed, and makes a weekly report of his work to the head steward, who in turn reports to the proprietor. In other hotels there is but one man employed, who is assisted by a "pantry woman." The duties of a housekeeper in a hotel differ also in the same manner. She is at the head of the servants outside of the kitchen, and has a general oversight of all rooms, sees that they are always in order, and has charge of the linen room, unless there is an especial person provided to assist her in this department. Nothing more definite in regard to the duties of these persons can be given, as each hotel proprietor has his own ideas of how he wishes to run his own house, but in general, the above will apply to most places. —ED.

Richard King:—The quotation you mention, was written by Richard Henry Stoddard about Edgar Allan Poe.—H. S. MORTIMORE.

Sue S.:—Washing photographs with skimmed milk, will remove fly specks, or dirt of any kind from them without injury to the picture. Apply with a small sponge or a soft cloth, and wipe dry.—MRS. K.

Ellen M. Guernsey:—Your cups are probably custard cups, though they would be nice bouillon cups.

In reply to Vulcan, in regard to red ants, if she will use camphor gum freely where they are, I think they will disappear.—G. B. C.

Inquirtes.

Will some one give me a recipe for coffee cake made of light bread dough?—WASHINGTON MAY.

Will some one tell me how to fix the rubber on my wringer? It has come loose.—M. S. H.

Will some one give a recipe for canning green peas so they will keep?—MRS. J. L. HASH.

Will some one send a pattern for a pretty lamp mat?—MRS. L. J. STEWART.

Will some one send directions for making stamping powder in black or blue, and tell how to use it without soiling the cloth to be stamped.—E. L.

Will some one living in the city tell me what I shall get for school dresses for my 15-year old daughter? She is to enter a city school this fall and would like to dress like the other girls. How many dresses will she need and what kind?—PERPLEXED.

Can any one tell me where the "cow tree" grows and something about it, if there is such a tree, as I have heard there was?—SCHOOL GIRL.

What will remove warts from the hands?—JACK, L.

Will "Chatta Bella," or some other flower lover, send some directions for the care of tube-roses?—ANNIE LAURIE.

Rectpes.

RIPE TOMATO CATSUP.—To 1 gallon of juice, add 4 tablespoonfuls of mustard; 4 of black pepper; 1 of salt; 1 teaspoonful of cayenne; 1 pint of good strong vinegar. Boil away one-half. Let it cool, then bottle and cork tight. I usually make it one day, pour into a jar, and let stand over night. Have kept it made after this recipe over two years.—MRS. M. D. WILAND.

TOMATO SOUP.—To 1 pint canned or 4 large raw tomatoes cut up fine, add 1 quart boiling water, and let them boil till soft. Then add 1 teaspoonful soda; when it foams, immediately add 1 pint sweet milk, with salt, pepper and butter. When this boils, add 8 small crackers rolled fine, and serve hot. This is considered equal to oyster soup, and may be eaten with safety by persons with whom oysters disagree.—M. H.

TOMATO SALAD.—12 tomatoes, peeled and sliced; 4 eggs, boiled hard; 1 egg (raw) well beaten; 1 teaspoonful each of salt and sugar; ½ teaspoonful of cayenne pepper; ½ teacupful of vinegar. Set on ice till perfectly cold.—MISS S.

GREEN CORN OYSTERS—To 1 pt. of grated corn, add 2 well beaten eggs; ½ cupful of sweet cream and ½ cupful of flour with ¼ teaspoonful of baking powder stirred in it; season with salt and pepper and fry in butter, dropping the batter in spoonfuls. Serve very hot.

FROSTING WITHOUT EGGS.—1 cupful of granulated sugar and 5 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Boil 4 or 5 minutes and stir until cool. Spread on cool cake.—CARRIE S. P.

CORN MEAL ROLLS:—To 1 qt. of mush, add, when hot, ½ cupful unmelted lard, salt it well; when luke warm add ½ cupful of yeast or 1 cake of compressed yeast. Bake this at noon, and at night add a small teaspoonful of soda and knead in wheat flour as for biscuits. In the morning mould into rolls and let them rise, then bake in a quick oven.—MRS. A. H. D.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES:—Pare, quarter and remove the seeds from a dozen large, yellow cucumbers; place them in a pan and sprinkle 1 teacupful of salt over them and let them stand over night. In the morning remove them from the brine and cook in water and a little vinegar until you can pierce them with a broom straw. Place them now in a scive or colliander till they are thoroughly drained. Prepare a syrup of 4 lbs. of sugar, 1 oz. of nutmeg, 1 oz. of white mustard seed, 2 ozs. of whole cinnamon and 2 qts. of vinegar boiled together. Pour this over the cucumbers and cover closely.—CARRIE.

PEACH JELLY.—(For Calla Lily)—The best peach jelly is made with peaches and crab apples combined equally. Slice the peaches; use skins and stones; cover with water and boil, then strain through a flannel bag. Boil crab apples and strain; mix the juices and boil slowly to three-fourths original measure; then measure equal parts of juice and sugar, cup for cup, and boil till it jellies, from 20 to 35 minutes. When it drops from the spoon, short and in lumps, as it were, or when it it cools it jellies in the spoon, it is done. If the crab apples are red, the jely will look like current jelly. If they are yellow, I use the peelings and cores of red apples with the crab apples, to give it a bright color. Do not cook the crab apples with the peaches, and you will never use peaches alone.

For blackberry jam use ¾ lb. sugar to 1 lb. fruit. Mash the berries with a wooden spoon and cook together to proper consistency.—MARTHA.

FOR PACKING EGGS.—Take oats and place by the fire until perfectly dry. Cover the bottom of a perfectly dry box with a thick layer of oats, place eggs all around, small end down; then a layer of oats alternately until the box is filled. Put in a cool, dry place.

The Purest and Best

Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible result.

SOCIAL LIFE IN NOVELS

AND SOCIETY WOMEN AS NOVELISTS

New Story by Julien Gordon—A Puritan Pagan—How a Man Was Taught a Leoson—The Work of a Toledo Writer.

WHEN society women of culture enter into the field of fiction, projecting stories the characters in which belong to the "four hundred," it is very certain, if there be ability combined with knowledge, that there is a shadowing forth of the real life within the charmed circle, a picture that has within it the elements of reality which show us that luxurious appointments, magnificent surroundings, and all of the other accompaniments of wealth and position, do not bring immunity from unsatisfied desires and a restless longing for the unattainable.

Mrs. Cruger, whose pen name is "Julien Gordon," a beautiful woman and a social queen, is the author of a number of novels of this kind, which has given her an enviable reputation in the literary world. The last one published by D. Appleton & Co., New York city, and entitled "A Puritan Pagan," seems to me, in some respects, to lack the finish of some of her former works, and yet as a whole to be stronger. Its movement is exceedingly rapid. Words are not wasted in description, but in a few lines scenes crystalize before us with wonderful clearness, as when she tells of the creation of "a wide, wind-swept, tree-shaded, grass-bordered avenue" almost in the twinkling of an eye, where before had been a dusty, winding country road, little frequented, although so near the city.

As I said before, the story runs rapidly. The most important scenes are described in short, crisp sentences and dismissed abruptly. Take for example the wooing of Paula Sorchan by Norwood. While friendliness had prevailed between them, there had been no love-making. Her father died suddenly. He was all she had and her grief was pitiful, and yet she repressed its exhibition so bravely that they thought her cold. One day a trifling thing occurred—the bringing to her of a cup of the tea her father had been fond of—and the barriers gave way, but not until she thought herself alone. Norwood had followed her, and found her in an agony of grief.

Very pale himself, Norwood leaned over her, passing one arm about her shoulders and half supporting her close to his breast.

"There, there, stop! There, Miss Sorchan—Paula—dear one," and he soothed her gently. He was profoundly moved.

She looked so young, so lonely, so forlorn. She turned and gazed up into his kind eyes.

"He liked the tea I made," she went on. "They had made a mistake; it was abominable. Oh! He ought to have had everything he wanted. He did, didn't he, Mr. Norwood." She clutched his hand suddenly. "Say that he had everything, that he was not unhappy—forgotten."

Her mouth pitifully quivering, her soulful eyes burned into him. A mist came into his own.

"He had everything; you were more than devoted to him," said the young man solemnly, holding the girl's hand.

By and by when the paroxysm had passed he stooped and kissed her half-open mouth, drinking as he did so of her salt tears.

"Paula," he whispered, "your father trusted me; I think he liked me. I, too, am alone. Will you love me a little?"

"Yes," she faltered.

Thus Paula's future was decided, and they were married the next Autumn.

IT is an old story that is told so vividly of what came afterward. There was a lack of understanding each of the other and the usual consequence of seasons of coldness alternating with repentance and reconciliation. As for Norwood—"the fact was he did not entirely love her, and the girl dimly, vaguely felt the want, wondering. He had never loved, nor her, nor another. Love was to be taught him by a rude master. He had married her because she was interesting, picturesque, clever. It would be delicious, he had thought, to open all of life to her, all of its untasted experiences, but somehow the process seemed to be growing a little gray."

THREE years passed away, and then came the storm that broke up their home. A great temptation came to Norwood, and he fell. It was not because he was bad, not that he was weak, but that his confidence in his own strength led him to palter with that from which he should have turned resolutely away. He fell, as I said, and then came the bitter agony of remorse and, to his nature, of despair. For there was a background of Puritanism in him which would not let him sin and then console himself with the thought that it was the way of the world. In desperation, and when his burden seemed more than he could bear, he confessed his sin to his wife, whose implicit trust he had betrayed.

PAULA left her husband. We follow her through the phases of her intense heart-aching that always and everywhere her suffering came from trust betrayed, love outraged. Mrs. Cruger has contrived to introduce many bits of philosophy through these details. In one place, speaking of Paula's firm sense of injury, she says: "There is probably nothing more debasing to a human soul than incessant brooding over its wrongs." Elsewhere, when Paula was told by Mrs. Heathcote's friend that "youth is a forming process which has its pain," she replies that "it which has its pain when it is thwarted."

"And who cares," said Mr. Ackley, "whether it is thwarted or not?"

Paula put down her parasol which she had still held languidly over one of her shoulders and looked up at the speaker; looked at him with that cold eager search of one who seeks to wrest that shall unravel a cruel riddle.

Mr. Ackerly had noticed this expression in her face before. It had lured him with its promise of a new experience. It was the remembered look which had brought him to her side now. "Poor little girl!" he thought. "No," he continued to his intent listener, "nobody cares, because nothing counts in this world except results; there is no time. People do not ask you how were you disappointed, arrested, undone. All they ask is—What have you accomplished? The coolest observer will bring you back to recounting your crimes when you fail to chattering to him of your temptations, and he's right. Depend upon it, everybody's thwarted. That's but a trifle, and there's no room for trifles and tidiness in the world. But the strong people conquer everything."

The character of Norwood is well drawn, as is that of Paula. Mrs. Heathcote, the beautiful woman who was so much to Paula, we are only permitted to know as the gracious woman of society, the real lady. Of her inner life we can but guess from the fleeting glimpses afforded, but we cannot fail to hold her in respect. The novel will not diminish Mrs. Cruger's popularity.

THE reading of Mrs. Cruger's book, showing, among other things, how absorbing and exacting are social duties when they are conscientiously performed, brought to my thought a poem recently published in *The Traveller's Record*, by Mrs. Margaret H. Lawless, of this city, a writer, by the way, who has won national recognition for her works, her poems finding ready place in the best periodicals of the country. The one I am speaking of is entitled "The Heaviest Debt." Beside its beauty of diction, it embodies a thought which will find an echo in the hearts of all those whose life-work and duties hold them away from frequent communion with those their spirits recognize as friends in the best sense of the word:

"O kindred hearts, whose veins one tide is feeding,
Can you forgive me that I must forget?
I am not callous, I am not unheeding,
But I must work until my sun has set.

For, as the world's hard hold is growing stronger,
And fewer still love's meeting places be,
The space between them, too, is growing longer—
And time to tarry comes no more to me.

If yonder trysting stone so whitely gleaming
Should be the last, I could not stop to rest
Under its shadow though love lies a-dreaming,
With all love's rapture cradled in his breast.

Love is life's salt, but herbs, too, must be gathered;
None ever lived on love—or salt—alone,
On must we hurry, storms must yet be weathered,
And harvests housed, and other harvests sown.

O kindred hearts, whose veins one tide is feeding,
Forgive me then, because I must forget!
Though love in chains along my path lay bleeding,
Unto the world I owe the heaviest debt!"

EMILY S. BOUTON.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

AURORA, N. C.

Kemp P. B. Bonner. Minta Bonner.

Names this week, 2. Total, 31,415.

The above embraces all names received up to September 28.

For the Young Folks.

The Banquet Interrupted.

BY CLARENCE V. BENSON.

With jack-knife's click, with lark's shrill lay,
With all that summer time deem'd gay,
The hidden urchin feasted high;
But there was in his troubled eye
A frightened look, and on his brow,
Now sudden flushed, and faded now,
Emotions such as draw their part
From deeper source than melon's heart.

By fits he paused, the sighing brush
To him was like the horse-whip's rush;
It fell hot on an bee ear
Like distant sounds which dreamers hear.
Then would he rouse him, and employ
Each art to further gluttonous joy.

By the hedge the farmer lay,
And, for brief space, of all the crowd,
The boy was loudest of the loud,
But not the gayest of the gay.

SHE TAUGHT THEM A VERB.

BY BLANCHE H. SHERRY.

The system of teaching reading, called the word Word Method, much in vogue in our primary schools, insists that each new word shall be properly "developed" before it is placed upon the board for the children to read.

Nouns such as hat, book, fan, etc., are easily learned, for with a few scratches with the chalk the teacher makes an outline drawing of the object, and as it is familiar to the children, and its uses known to them, they are ready for the word when that is presented.

It is, however, a very difficult matter to develop a verb. Miss Brown, a teacher in a primary school, had a class of a dozen little boys and girls about 5 years of age. They knew several nouns and one verb "see." Miss Brown thought it was time they learned another verb and proceeded to teach them "have."

"Children," said she, "as I came down the Main street this morning I saw in a window some fresh candy. It looked very nice, and I thought of my little boys and girls here, and wondered if they would like to have some." (Here the little tots became intensely interested.) "The little girls may go to the window and tell me if they see the candy."

Off trooped the six little maids to the window, and after a prolonged study of the candy store opposite they announced that they saw the candy.

"Which is nicer?" asked the teacher, "to see the candy or to have it?"

"Oh! to have it," they all replied.

Miss Brown continued, "I saw something else on my way to school—it was in the shoe store across the street; it is something that every little boy in this class would like to have. A pair of boots with red tops! Such a pretty pair of boots (great excitement among the boys!) You may look out and tell me if you can see them from there." A rush to the window and then six pairs of bright eyes showed that they saw the boots.

"Would you rather see the boots or have them?" asked Miss Brown.

"Oh! have them! have them!" they all cried.

"Now," said the teacher, as she wrote plainly on the board the word "have," "are you ready for the word? All who know it may raise their hands." Every hand went up, some of the children in their eagerness to tell were standing on tiptoe.

Miss Brown, as she looked down on the little upturned faces, said to herself, "What a bright class!" and perhaps she added, "and what a bright teacher to develop so easily this difficult word."

Aloud she said, "The girls may answer first. What is the word, girls?"

Six little voices piped out, "Candy."

The boys laughed in derision, and raised their hands higher than before.

"Oh!" thought the discomfited teacher, "a girl always has a sweet tooth; I was unfortunate in using candy as an illustration. Boys are brighter than girls, any way; my boys will not say candy."

"Now, boys, what is the word?" and every one of those six urchins shouted "Boots!"—[Wide Awake.

PET AND SCAMP.

One afternoon, late in the spring, while walking in the woods, I found upon the low limb of a dogwood tree a dove's nest. Hanging by one foot to the outer edge of the nest was one young bird. Inside the nest was another. They had evidently been a long time without food and were in a most pitiable condition, particularly the one that hung outside, which was gasping as if with its last breath.

There was no appearance of the parent birds, and I well knew nothing short of death or imprisonment could have kept them from their young. Doubtless some person had been thoughtless and cruel enough to kill or capture them, doves though they were, and in the nesting time.

I gently disengaged the bird's foot from the nest, where I presume it had fallen in its struggles to find food. The leg was broken and dangled helplessly. Then taking the other bird from the nest, I carried them home and fed them with soft bread crumbs, of which they ate ravenously.

With such skill and implements as I possessed I proceeded to set and bandage the broken leg, and was gratified to find that the bones knitted together. The leg, however, was stiff and the bird always walked lame.

I kept my pets in a basket at night. During the day they ran about the house and became wonderfully tame. My big Maltese cat did not interfere with them, and there was nothing they were afraid of, except a parrot, which amused itself by giving a sudden loud screech and darting at them as if to tear them to pieces. At such times the cat would spring upon the parrot and send her away yelling "Poor Polly! Poor Polly!"

The little lame dove was wonderfully gentle and affectionate, chastened perhaps by its affliction, and the children named it Pet. The other was a busybody, always prying around in search of something to meddle with. He was dubbed Scamp. They did not confine themselves to the house, but flew about the yard and into the trees, coming at the slightest call and having no thought of going away.

Pet's favorite position was upon my shoulder, where she would sit and coo into my ear all her love and all the wrongs of her gentle tribe. One of Scamp's choice amusements was to take his stand upon the piece of cloth on which I was sewing on the machine, and so ride back to the very edge of the table and then, as he was about to lose his balance, flutter back to his first position. This he would continue to do as long as I sewed, making no noise, but looking at me with his bright little eyes, as though thanking me for his free ride.

He would take the end of the thread upon a spool in his bill, pull and tug at it, if not discovered, until all was torn off, then weaving it with bits of paper and cloth into a sort of nest, hunt up Pet and invite her to take a seat in it. He would get on the table and go through the contents of my sewing basket, picking up each article and eyeing it curiously, apparently speculating upon its use, then drop it to the floor, exhibiting intense delight if it was a round object and would roll about.

A small ball of darning cotton gave him special pleasure. He would drop one from the table, watch it roll, pick it up and drop it again and again, looking all the while like a little philosopher studying the motion of the spheres.

At times he would perch upon the back of a great, long-legged rooster, and nestled among the feathers perambulate the yard in much comfort, his strange steed making no objection.

Scamp's prying, enterprising habits led to his early death. One summer afternoon a servant brought into the house a large, round watermelon, and as in the country we had no ice to cool it, she put it into a great tub of cold water. Scamp quickly discovered the strange, round thing floating in the water, and much to the amusement of the children seated himself upon the melon above the water.

As the melon would sway about with his weight he would peer into the depths below, seemingly a second little Faraday, measuring the relative specific gravities of water and melons. He would keep perfectly still until the water reached his little pink toes, with his accustomed bravado going to the extreme of danger before retreating, and then flutter back to dry ground. He was left to amuse himself alone, as we had no fear of harm.

An hour later I heard a scream from one of the children. Upon going to see what Scamp was about, she had found the brave little fellow fastened between the melon and the side of the tub, quite dead. He had dared too much, and slid from his slippery perch into the water to be held and drowned.

Pet, in her sober gown, with a band of black about her neck, made a very demure little widow at the funeral of her mate. She lived to a good old age, as do most people that lead quiet, unadventurous lives.—[Philadelphia Weekly Times.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We have only one eye, situated in the middle of the forehead,

News of the Week.

☞THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

EUROPE STARVING,

But the Real State of Affairs Is Not Told, While Foreign Agents Are Buying American Grain.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—(Special.)—I learn to-day from a source admitting no question, a very important fact concerning our grain and provision markets. That for three weeks' past agents of the French government have been very large buyers of wheat at all our American ports and points of concentration—at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Louis and other points, while at the same time every possible agency has been at work in London, Liverpool, Paris, Berlin, Antwerp and elsewhere in the old world to make the grain markets dull and drooping and to congest them in every way calculated to depress prices. The European dealers and governments have known, since last spring, that the question of food supply with them this year was one of very grave importance. Month by month this has become more and more clear. But still they have contrived to keep the facts hidden and prices down. It is a question whether our farmers will wake up to the situation and get the profits or whether the European dealers and speculators will get it.

As a matter of fact the old world is short, on grain failure, 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 bushels more than when their crops are good. But this is a very small part of their real trouble. In the United States we raise 200,000,000 bushels of potatoes—enough, with our abundance of wheat and corn and meats. But Germany alone raises about 800,000,000 bushels of potatoes—four times our crop. Russia raises about 525,000,000; France 400,000,000; Austria and Hungary, 400,000,000; Great Britain 300,000,000; Belgium 90,000,000; Sweden 75,000,000; Spain 60,000,000; Holland 50,000,000; Switzerland 30,000,000; Italy 20,000,000; Denmark 12,000,000; Portugal, 10,000,000, and other old world countries about 60,000,000 more, in all over 3,000,000,000 bushels, or 700,000,000 to 800,000,000 bushels more than the grain crop. This is the great source of European food. This year, from blight, rot, wet weather, dry weather, from every evil that can beset a tuber in one country or another, the potato crop of the old world is terribly short, and a very low estimate is to place it at fully 1,000,000,000 bushels short of a full crop. It is this loss they have kept hidden from us, while depressing every foreign grain market and making it look as if wheat was too dear at a dollar a bushel. The reasons for this action have been two-fold. First, the few great dealers, backed by the unlimited money of the greatest bankers in all European countries, desire to make the difference between high-priced and low-priced wheat, between dollar wheat and two-dollar wheat, instead of letting our farmers and dealers make it. Secondly, the continental governments of Europe, in the last few years, to revive agriculture, and perhaps to affect our tariff laws, have put a high tariff upon our crops. Now, with this awful deficit of food staring them in the face, with six to seven hundred million bushels of our grain absolutely needed over and above what they need from us in years when their grain and potato crops are good, the Old World governments are in a bad fix. They can not ignominously abandon all their tariff laws and run. That would make them contemptible and ridiculous. They are trying to lie out of the facts to keep down prices and to buy our crops before we find out how badly they are lying. The French government authorities appear to have been a little quicker to see the problem than any of their neighbors, as far as we yet know.

At any rate they are in our market to buy two million barrels of flour and twenty-five millions of bushels of wheat and they are after it everywhere, quietly, on the Atlantic, at lake ports and on the Pacific. They have been at work in St. Louis, in St. Paul, at Duluth and everywhere, picking up December options of wheat and cash wheat. Next week the facts will come out fully and in all our markets it will be a scramble for supplies for—how long? Not long, no evasion of other forms of animal or vegetable food existed to supply Europe's loss, yet the enormous advantage in nutritive percentages of wheat and corn over any other animal or vegetable food, would make wheat at two dollars and corn at a dollar, the cheapest possible substitute for Europe's loss of potatoes, wheat, rye, etc. But no other supply exists. They must take every pound we can spare and must pay for it what we consider a fair price. The way in which, in one month, they took more of our grain this year than in eight months years back when their crops were small and our prices very low, shows how eager they were to get it; but when wheat broke down a month ago, from its quickly reached price of $1.12 in Chicago for December they realized that what not found out their condition. Had wheat held at $1.10 for a week it would now be $1.30, but as it broke they have played upon us every old dodge to show how congested are their markets and how dull and drooping is wheat.

FROM A FARM TO THE PEERAGE.

A Dakota Yeoman Elevated to the English House of Lords.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 28.—A special from Grand Forks, N. D., says: From a small farm on the North Dakota prairies to a fine old English estate and a seat in the House of Lords, is a long step, but James S. Sinclair, of Lakota, Nelson county, has made the stride.

The Sinclairs were distantly related to George Phillips Alexander, earl of Caithness, but so slight was the tie of kinship that no one in the family expected to profit by it. James Sinclair emigrated, and purchased a tract of land about four miles from Lakota, in this state, stocked it, and bent every energy toward improving his little estate. He called the place Perriedale, an old family name and the title bestowed by courtesy upon the eldest son of an earl of Caithness. By a strange fatality all the people between him and the title died.

HAS WOUNDS LIKE THE SAVIOUR'S.

Extraordinary Physical Peculiarity of a Trance Victim in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 26.—The case of Mrs. Mary Stuckenberg, who for five months past has, on Fridays, gone into a trance, and during it has shown on her body the stigmata, or bleeding wounds of the Saviour on the cross, is now being investigated by a committee of physicians and priests.

While the investigation is not yet completed, and no statement has been made, it is known that Mrs. Stuckenberg was tonight by them yesterday in a trance and bleeding wounds were examined by the physicians. Father Raffo, of St. Charles Borromeo, the woman's confessor, has charge of the investigation. Among the physicians are some of the best known in this city.

The "Stigmata" Victims to be Subject to an Examination.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 28.—Father Bouchet, vicar general of the diocese says the investigation of the case of Mary Stuckenberg, the woman having the "stigmata," will probably take much time. That of Louise Lateau occupied eight months. Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville visited Louise Lateau with other priests at one of her trances.

The mind not fixed as the others, but stood still and watched closely. He saw her fall into the trance and witnessed the bleeding wounds.

The Pittsburg Murderess Will Go to the Pen Twelve Years.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 25.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Lucy R. Fitzsimmons for the murder of Detective David Gilkinson came into court after being out less than four hours. After the usual formula, the foreman announced the jury's decision: "Guilty of murder in the second degree." The verdict is regarded as a compromise. The maximum punishment for murder in the second degree is twelve years in the penitentiary.

DEATH OF DR. BURCHARD.

The Author of the Famous "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" Sentence Passes Away.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Sept. 26.—The Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Burchard, of New York City, died at 3:30 yesterday afternoon. He attended the First Presbyterian church last Sunday and was taken ill in the evening, but was not considered to be in a serious condition until Tuesday. His illness developed into peritonitis, and last night he reached a critical stage.

Dr. Burchard was born in Steuben, N. Y., on September 6, 1812. He received an academic education, and when 18 years old he removed to Kentucky. In 1830 he was graduated at Centre college, Danville, Ky. Soon after leaving college he began to lecture on temperance, slavery and religious questions, and won a wide reputation in the state. He also

DR. BURCHARD.

won many friends in Kentucky by his services as a volunteer nurse during the cholera epidemic of 1837. He was licensed to preach in 1838, and was installed as pastor of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian church, New York, on May 1, 1839. He was a man of fine physical development, being over six feet in height, and was a winning speaker. He was noted for his great kindness of heart and sympathy for those in affliction. During his pastorship he was made chancellor of Ingham University, at Leroy, N. Y., which office he filled in connection with his church duties.

Dr. Burchard was pastor of the Murray Hill Presbyterian church from 1880 to 1885, when he gave up pastoral work.

Dr. Burchard came prominently before the public in 1884 when a reception to Mr. Blaine, the then Republican candidate for President, was tendered at the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York by several hundred ministers of various denominations. Dr. Burchard was there, and had been chosen to address Mr. Blaine in behalf of the clergy who gathered in the grand corridor of the hotel on the second floor. Mr. Blaine was escorted from his room on the third floor, down the staircase in full view of the clergymen and others who had gathered to greet him.

Pausing on the staircase, Mr. Blaine stood and awaited the address of welcome that was to be tendered him.

Dr. Burchard left his colleagues and ascended the staircase to the second step below Mr. Blaine. An Associated Press representative stood on the step between the two men. When Dr. Burchard spoke, and as he neared the close of an address of affectionate regard and esteem for Mr. Blaine, he practically used these words: "And we admire and we welcome you, Mr. Blaine, as the steadfast opponent of rum, Romanism and rebellion."

The Democratic papers made a great fuss over this incident, and, it is claimed by them that it deprived Mr. Blaine of hundreds of votes which he would have received from the great body of Irish-American voters in New York if Dr. Burchard had not made the remark.

BLAINE SAYS M'KINLEY WILL WIN.

Letter From the Secretary of State to Col. Conger, of Akron.

AKRON, O., Sept. 26.—Colonel O. L. Conger, member of the Republican national committee of Ohio, recently wrote to Mr. Blaine to see if he could take part in the Ohio canvass this fall. Colonel Conger yesterday received the following reply:

SEAWOOD, Bar Harbor, Me., Sept. 23.

Col. O. L. Conger, Akron, O.:

MY DEAR SIR:—Your favor received. I can not take part in the Ohio campaign this year for reasons which I need not give, but I hope no effort will be spared to elect McKinley. His victory at this time is very important to the country and the party. He and Mr. Campbell represent the honest differences between the two parties at this time. There is no ambiguity, no evasion and the voter need not be deceived. The election of McKinley means the policy of protection and honest money. The election of Campbell means free trade and the corruption of the currency. I believe Ohio will stand by McKinley.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

CHICAGO AUTHORITY ON SILVER.

Lyman J. Gage Discusses That London Prophecy.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—A cable from London yesterday quotes Mr. Robert Giffen, head of the Commercial department and controller of loan returns of the British Board of Trade, as predicting a financial crash in America, due to the overloading of the country with paper currency. Mr. Giffen says that in this condition it will be impossible to avert the crash, which, according to him, is due in February. The prediction caused some talk in banking circles yesterday, most of the bankers treating the matter lightly and accusing Mr. Giffen of being sadly lacking in knowledge of America's wealth and resources, but L. J. Gage, president of the First National band, who is a close observer of the markets of the world, took the matter in a far more serious manner. He said the subject was too large a one to treat lightly. His opinion of the prediction is summed up as follows:

"I do not believe Mr. Giffen is able to predict to any reasonable certainty the period when the climax resulting from the continued coinage of silver will be reached. He is a close student, however, and if quoted aright has expressed his honest opinion. This country is too large, however, and the influences operating too manifold to gratify exact prophecies of this kind. I think he is right in the general idea that the free coinage of silver as proposed, or perhaps the large issue of currency against silver bullion at the rate of 60,000,000 a year, now current, will ultimately bring us into serious trouble in our international trade and domestic finances."

EXTRA SESSION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Gov. Pattison Calls the State Senate to Convene on October 13.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 28.—Gov. Pattison has issued a proclamation convening the Senate in extraordinary session on Tuesday, October 13, 1891. The preamble sets forth that grave charges have been made against the auditor-general and state treasurer, most serious reflecting upon the discharge of their official duties; that it is proper diligent inquiry should be made to ascertain whether or not "reasonable cause" exists for their removal; that there is a conviction in the public mind that they have been grossly inefficient and entirely wanting in due fidelity; that if the charges be established the Senate should take action looking to the removal of the officials.

It is also set forth that much of the state money lost through Bardsley would be in the treasurer if the auditor-general and state treasury had performed their duties with fidelity, and further that Bardsley's refusal to disclose any information whatever as to the conduct of these officials, has compelled the abandonment of proposed criminal prosecutions, at least for a time.

CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

The Government Does Not Build Warehouses Nor Loan to Distillers.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The Treasury department recently received a letter from N. B. Barick, of Ionia, Jewell county, Kan., saying that he had heard it asserted in a public speech, "That the government had built warehouses in which to store alcohol in bond, and then loaned the manufacturers 80 cents per gallon on it for three years."

The writer desired to know whether this statement was true.

In reply, Secretary Foster has informed him that the government does not build warehouses nor does it loan the distillers any money on the spirits stored in such warehouses.

McKINLEY AND CAMPBELL.

Arrangements for Their Joint Debate Next Month at Ada—Campbell to Open and Close.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 24.—Final arrangements for the joint debate between Governor Campbell and Major McKinley have been completed. Chairman Hahn, of the Republican state committee and Chairman Neal, of the Democratic state committee, met in conference at Democratic headquarters yesterday, and decided by lot as to who should have the opening and closing speech. Professor Lehr, of Ada, tossed up a half-dollar. Chairman Hahn called "Heads!" and "tails" won, thus giving the choice to Chairman Neal.

As finally arranged the debate will take place at Ada, O., Thursday, October 8, beginning at 1:30 p. m. Governor Campbell will open in a speech of one hour and five minutes. Major McKinley will reply in one hour and a half, and Governor Campbell will close in twenty-five minutes. J. M. Van Fleet, chairman of the Hardin county Democratic committee, will preside for Campbell, and C. E. Howe, chairman of the Republican county committee, will preside for McKinley.

TO HEAR SENATOR SHERMAN.

Thousands of Geauga County Farmers Flock to Chardon.

CHARDON, O., Sept. 25.—The Republican farmers of Geauga county turned out en masse yesterday to hear Senator Sherman speak. It was one of the largest meetings ever held here, thousands of people being in attendance. A prize banner had been offered to the township sending the largest delegation, and that was carried away by Chardon. Senator Sherman arrived in the forenoon accompanied by a delegation of Republicans from Painesville, and the reception he received was a most cordial and enthusiastic one. He spoke in the afternoon, dealing with the silver and tariff issues in such a masterly way as to arouse great enthusiasm. The speech was liberally applauded throughout. The Republicans of Geauga are thoroughly aroused, and they will give a good report of themselves in November. Yesterday's meeting did much good to the cause of Republicanism and more firmly enshrined Senator Sherman in the hearts of the Geauga farmers.

DEMOCRATIC TIN PLATE LIES.

Concerning the Piqua Tin Plate Mill Shown Up Effectually.

PIQUA, O., Sept. 24.—(Special.)—A desperate attempt of the Democrats, led by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, to discredit the genuineness of the tin plate made here, is an utter failure. It has been alleged that, at the McKinley meeting here, sheets of corrugated iron were dipped in lead instead of tin, thus making lead plate; that no tin was made here or anywhere else in America; that steel plate could not be rolled to the requisite thinness. The facts are simply these:

Bright tin plate from which household utensils are made, consists of thin sheets of steel coated with pure tin. Terne tin plate is coated with an alloy of tin and lead. It is used for roofing and similar purposes, the lead being mixed with the tin to better resist the effect of the atmosphere and of water. It was terne plate that was being made at Piqua at the time of the McKinley meeting.

The steel used was to be as thin as standard tin plate. It was rolled at Piqua from steel billets rolled at Middleport, Ohio. The sheets were of 30 gauge, or 12-1,000 of an inch in thickness. To demonstrate the capacity of the mill, the superintendent, Mr. Danks, took one of these steel plates and rolled it to just one-half the thickness it was before.

It would take 50 of these to make an inch in thickness, making plate too thin for ordinary use; and hence the *Enquirer's* story that we cannot roll tin plate thin enough is effectually exploded. The manufactory at Demmler, Pa., manufactures bright tin exclusively, and its output sells at the same price as English tin plate.

The Piqua factory will manufacture bright tin as well as terne tin. The facts as to the use of lead in terne tin are well known to roofers, and any one can find out by consulting Webster's or Worcester's dictionary, the American Mechanical dictionary, the Encyclopedia Britannica and Chambers's Encyclopedia that lead is always mixed with tin to coat terne plates, because the lead makes them more durable when exposed to the sun.

IN TOLEDO

Secretary of the Treasury Foster Will Make His First Speech of the Campaign.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—There will soon be an accession to the force of Republican speakers in Ohio in the person of Hon. Charles Foster. The secretary said yesterday that he would go to Ohio about the first of October and would make several speeches. No doubt the mugwumps, who have such peculiar views of political holiness, will give him a rousting for going upon the stump, but he will probably survive their attacks. The Democrats are stopped from finding any fault, for members of Mr. Cleveland cabinet again and again cried aloud and spared not in many state campaigns and in the presidential campaign of 1888, even President Cleveland himself attended political meetings and made speeches as nearly partisan as he dared to make them.

"I don't know where I shall speak," said Mr. Foster, "except that my first speech will be at Toledo. This has been arranged, and after that I am in the hands of the State committee. I shall go anywhere it sends me. As a good Rep ublican, firmly believing in the principles of my party, I want to do what may be in my power to help on the good cause. Things seem to be going well in Ohio, but I feel as all Republicans do, that while victory is within our grasp, if we may judge by appearances, no effort should be spared to roll up as large a majority as possible. Let the verdict of Ohio be loud and emphatic one that the whole country, and the world for that matter, may understand. I shall probably give some attention to state affairs, and will also have something to say regarding silver and other features of our financial system. Naturally from the position I hold under the administration I will be expected to talk of these matters."

SAYS MAJ. M'KINLEY WILL WIN.

A Southern Democrat's Impression of the Outlook in Ohio.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—(Special.)—Representative Miller, of South Carolina, who is of course a Democrat and who of course desires that Governor Campbell should succeed in Ohio, has just returned from his visit to the West, during which he traveled over a good deal of the Buckeye state. He says that he endeavored to acquire an accurate judgment as to the result of the coming election by conversing with nearly every one with whom he met.

The result of his observations, he says, are that McKinley will be elected. He said that action of the Georgia convention in declaring that they would not do anything to injure the Democratic party, will give to McKinley lots of votes, which would have otherwise been cast against him, and this is evidence that the Alliance in the South is not acting in good faith.

Deserted the Alliance.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 25.—The *Farmers' Home Journal*, for nearly a year the official organ of the Farmers' Alliance in this state, has given up its connection with that organization. The reason assigned is that the alliance wishes to go into politics. There are two factions in the alliance in Kentucky upon the question of joining the People's party, and at the state meeting at Elizabethtown, Nov. 10, there will be a sharp contest between the two for the election of state officers. The present state officers are opposed to political action by the alliance.

Falling Off in the Hop Crop.

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 23.—The most careful estimates place the hop crop at one-third less than the crop of 1890. There will probably not be more than eight thousand bales in the entire state. Many yards were not picked at all on account of fire.

THERE MAY BE WAR.

The Chinese Government Preparing to Meet Any Hostile Demonstrations by the European Powers,

LONDON, Sept. 25.—Advices from Shanghai state that the highest officials at Pekin and at Nankin expect the European governments to combine in a demand for redress for the outrages perpetrated upon foreigners in China. The secret society men are also expecting such action upon the part of the powers, and they are preparing to act when the right moment arrives. It is certain that a very prominent person has been asked to supply war material and drill instructors for use in the lower Yang-Tse-Kiang districts. Many young men of the best Chinese families are connected with these secret societies.

A prominent foreign resident of Shanghai has been asked to send estimates to Nankin for organizing a brigade of troops to be disciplined and armed according to the English system and to be commanded by foreign officers. The same resident, it is also said, has been asked to state the terms upon which he can supply three fast steam cruisers fully equipped for war and to be delivered within three months' time.

HE IS AFRAID OF ASSASSINATION.

President Barillas, of Guatemala, However, Will Declare Himself Dictator.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 25.—President Barillas, of Gautemala, is afraid of assassination, but he is determined to declare himself dictator before surrendering the presidency, and he even may provoke a war with Salvador in order to realize his dream. Ezeta, finding his influence waning, thinks that a war with Gautemala might bring back his popularity, but he dare not declare war, as the people want peace.

Costa Rica is now the only Central American power which is not for war. Each of the powers has agents in the other countries sowing seeds of discord. All the countries are in financial difficulty. Neither Guatemala nor Salvador have been able to arrange a loan in Europe. Guatemala has established the strictest press censorship.

DOMINION POLITICS.

Lieut. Gov. Angers Stirs Up a Mare's Nest That May Eventually Lead to Annexation.

MONTREAL, Que., Sept. 26.—A dispatch from Quebec, referring to the political situation, says: Lieut. Gov. Angers, who is said to be harrassing his ministers into doing something that will warrant him in dismissing them, yesterday demanded that the government name a public accuser or prosecutor to conduct the case against the ministers before the royal commission, and refused to allow their claim to be represented by counsel at the investigation.

The wildest rumors are current with regard to Premier Mercier's intentions in the event of his dismissal. It is said that he will take no dismissal from Angers; that he will remain in office and defy him; that he will call together his supporters, who are a large majority of the legislature, and adopt resolutions, or take some other proceeding securing the lieutenant-governor and calling upon the governor-general to remove him at once, otherwise this province will declare itself out of the confederation and take the consequences, which may lead to annexation.

Langevin Exculpated.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 25.—The House divided on Mr. Giroard's motion for the adoption of the majority report exculpating Sir Hector Langevin, which was carried by a vote of 101 yeas to 35 nays.

Mr. Mercier Will Appeal.

QUEBEC, Sept. 25.—It is said that the Hon. Mr. Mercier will risk his chances in an appeal to the people. The refusal of the Lieutenant governor to grant writs for two bye-elections is said to be the cause of this receive.

CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS.

Two Contraband Sealers Gathered In on Bering Sea.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 23.—A short time since word was received here that two vessels, commanded respectively by Daniel and Alexander McLeans natives of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, had been shot at and the captains made prisoners by Russians at Cooper Island, for sealing in Bering sea.

A telegram has been received from the collector of customs at Victoria, B. C., in which it says that the McLeans were sailing in American vessels, and that it was reported that they had become American citizens. Confirmation would seem to be given to the latter statement by the fact that only a naturalized citizen of the United States can sail an American vessel. The relatives of the McLeans will now ask the assistance of the United States government in securing their release.

INDEMNIFYING CANADIAN SEALERS.

It will Cost Great Britain Something Like $700,000 to Do It.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 25.—Advices received from British Columbia indicate that in promising to indemnify the Canadian sealers for any loss they might sustain in being driven out of Bering sea this season, the British government assumed a responsibility they had not accurately estimated.

It now appears that Great Britain will have to pay $300,000, and possibly $700,000, to fulfill its pledges to the sealers of British Columbia.

AMERICAN EXPLORERS MURDERED.

Four California Prospectors Done to Death in Peru.

PANAMA, Sept. 25.—Advices from Peru report the murder of four American explorers on the river Maron. They were Californians prospecting for gold. The party consisted of five, but one, owing to illness, had to return.

The others were murdered in cold blood by the natives, who took them for ecclesiastical emissaries and spies.

Grain Imports.

Economic experts agree that the net addition to the normal imports of American grain has not exceeded $100,000,000, of which part will be taken in luxuries and part in gold. If the extravagant buying of railroad securities continues, the English indebtedness will be further enhanced, and will lead to an increase of bullion shipments. Mr. Giffen's recent estimate that £20,000,000 in gold would be the limit of the export to New York is not disputed, but even this maximum is expected to entail an increase of the Bank of England rate to 5 or 6 per cent.

The Czar's Brother's Wife Dead.

Moscow, Sept. 24.—The grand duchess Paul, wife of the grand duke Paul Alexanderovitch, youngest brother of the czar of Russia, is dead. The grand duchess was previous to her marriage, the princess Alexandra of Greece, eldest daughter of king George of Greece. She was born August 18, 1870, at Corfu, and was married June 6, 1889, at St. Petersburg. The grand duchess leaves one daughter, Mary, born April 6, 1890.

Denied by the Porte.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 26.—The porte denies that the Turkish governor and all the other Turkish officials have fled from Sana, capital of Yemen, and that the insurgents have captured Hodeida, on the Red sea. The porte also denies that there is any truth in the reported massacre of Christians in Armenia by a band of Kurds.

Tennyson Writes a Play.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—Lord Tennyson, the poet laureate, has just completed the first work he has ever written for the stage, and Augustin Daly has secured its exclusive acting rights. The play is a three-act comedy, with parts specially designed for Ada Rehan, John Drew and James Lewis.

Returned from Bering Sea.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 25.—The British warship Pheasant returned to port yesterday, having completed her patrol of Bering sea. She towed in the schooner Otto, which had been seized by the U. S. S. Mohican for irregularities in her papers, and sent home to await further inquiry into her case.

AFFAIRS IN CHILI,

Intriguing Political Parties that May Precipitate Another War—The Attitude of the United States Commended.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—A Lima, Peru, special to the *Herald* says: There are no less than 50 Balmacedist refugees in this city. Perhaps the most prominent among them is Claudio Vicuna, who, under Balmaceda's government, was elected to succeed him as President of Chili, but whose election has been ignored by the Junta. Balmaceda's ministers—Godoy, Barrados, Espinosa and Perez Montt—are also here, as well as Admiral Viel, the governor of Valparaiso, and Moraga Fuentes, who commanded the torpedo cruisers Condell and Lynch, which sunk the Congressional warship Blanco Encalada in Caldera Bay. I have talked with all these prominent Balmacedists on the state of affairs in Chili, and they have freely given their opinion. Every one of them expresses the strongest doubts of the stability of the present government. In support of this belief it is stated that there are too many parties in Chili, and that their interests are radically different. The common people, it is urged, are not satisfied with matters as they stand, and are bound to make themselves heard in opposition.

The refugees also call attention to the acts of the supporters of the new government in destroying the property of senators, deputies and officers who were adherents of Balmaceda, and say that such spitefulness is certain to create a bad impression on the country at large. It also alleged that at the instigation of the so-called revolutionary committee in Santiago the city was, for a time at least, turned over to the mob, and that wanton destruction of works of art followed. What made the pillage all the more unpardonable was the fact that the mob was under the direction of a number of young men of good families. Furthermore, the refugees criticise most severely the action of Don Jose Urriburu, the minister of the Argentine Republic, in permitting the suicide of Balmaceda, for that is the way they put it. They say that the ante-mortem letters written by the ex-president, show very clearly that the new government did not intend to observe the laws of the country. The Balmacedists also refer bitterly to the hostile attitude of the English toward the established government all through the struggle, and contrast it most unfavorably with what they style the correct neutrality of the United States. They say that this demonstrates the necessity for closer relations with the latter government. The new leaders in Chili, it is further claimed, must build a railroad to Iquique or else suppress the navy, because so long as the present condition of things exist the country will always be exposed to the danger of some political party coming into power through corrupt navy, which has Iquique as an unassailable base with good revenue. There is great danger now in the large class of officers. The civil employes were loyal to Balmaceda. The financial situation is not bad, owing to the immense revenues from nitrates. A government well conducted should pay off in two years all the debt contracted. Such is a resume of the views expressed to me by the refugees.

IN HONOR OF COLUMBUS.

Final Arrangements Completed for the Erection of Buildings at Genoa—The Munich Conference.

ROME, Sept. 29.—The executive committee of the Italian-American exhibition at Genoa, in honor of the discovery of America by Columbus, have finally arranged for the erection of the buildings, which will cost 500,000 lire. It is the design of the committee that the exhibition shall consist of samples of the agricultural and industrial products of Italy and America, with the object of showing the kind of goods that can be most advantageously imported and exported. It is expected thus to give a new impetus to transatlantic commerce. This would be a good opportunity for American merchants to introduce their goods into Italy, Genoa is the largest distributing point in Italy for foreign merchandise, and the people of Italy are largely predisposed in favor of American products.

Work upon the buildings will be commenced October 1, and it is expected that they will be completed by April 1, 1892. They will occupy a space of about 100,000 square metres.

FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST.

Lord Lytton will shortly retire from the British embassy in Paris, and he will be succeeded by Sir Philip Currie.

It is reported that Russia is erecting barracks and collecting stores at Shiln-Junid, on the Kushk river, and has increased the garrison at Yulatan.

It is regarded as probable that the Vatican will summon in 1893 a universal council, the principal matter for which will be the discussion of the relations of capital and labor.

The North German *Gazette*, the official paper of Prussia, says that a rigid investigation shows that Prussia has gained 1,000,000 more wheat than last year. Berlin about 1,250 per bu. lower.

The London *Chronicle's* Rome correspondent says it is practically settled that no more American cardinals will be appointed at present. Six of the new cardinals will be Italian and one Hungarian.

The office of Missions Catholiques at Lyons has received advices from China to the effect that the natives had attacked three monks at Northern Chansi, and that nothing has been heard from them since.

The London *Chronicle's* Paris correspondent declares that the feeling that war is imminent is growing hourly in France, and that this opinion is more or less openly expressed at every embassy in Paris.

The crew of the ship Jenny Lind, which has arrived at Plymouth from Martinique, tell a vivid story of the horrors of the Martinique tornado. They report that 300 persons were killed, and 1,000 injured.

Several foreign banks will soon be authorized to open branch houses in the leading commercial centers of the Russian empire, after depositing a certain sum of money as a security fund with the Russian government.

The reception accorded in Sydney, N.S.W., to Gen. Booth, of the Salvation army, was a great ovation. The general was greeted by the largest concourse and the longest procession that ever turned out in the city.

The *Bourse Gazette*, of Petersburg, says that an agreement as to the issue of the new Russian loan has been signed. The proceeds of the new loan will be applied to building railways and the completion of other public works of importance.

The sugar beet roots throughout Europe are proving fairly good. The yield per cent. in Germany will, it is believed, be only from 10 to 12 per cent short, but this may be offset by the increased area sown and the slightly better quality of the roots.

A dispatch to the London *Times* from Lisbon says that the Delagoa Bay railway question is causing great anxiety in official circles, owing to alarming reports circulated that the government has received the arbitration terms, to which it must reply within thirty days.

The Turkish decree for the suppression of brigandage makes all local officials personally responsible for the existence of brigandage in their districts; offers rewards for the capture of brigands; imposes fines for wilful withholding of information, and forbids peasants to carry modern arms.

The winter crops in Russia will be scanty, and a renewal of famine is apprehended in Bessarabia provinces report a probable failure of the crop. A destructive worm has made its appearance in Moscow province. The failure is due to bad weather, late sowing and unwillingness to use grain for sowing during the famine.

The North German *Gazette*, of Berlin, today publishes the official result of the inquiries made in regard to the wheat crop of Prussia. According to the report the crops amounts to 13,468,000 double quintals, against 11,320,000 in 1890. The summer and winter wheat crops together will yield 1,000,000 double quintals over the same crops of 1890.

THE CASE AGAINST THE ITATA.

The Purser's Clerk Says Arms Were Taken on Board Off San Clements.

LOS ANGELOS, Cal., Sept. 26.—Taking testimony of the Itata officers was to have been commenced before Judge Ross yesterday, but he declined to hear it in open court when he learned that other witnesses were to be examined. William Ebell, purser's clerk of the Itata, was then examined before the commissioners.

He detailed the movements of the vessel and claimed that the ship was only a merchant vessel, but had been a prison ship in Chili. Ebell said no sailors, soldiers or arms were on board when the vessel was at Sandiego. He says arms were taken on board off San Clements. The examination will be continued today.

A high Catholic dignitary says it is not against the law of that church to be an Odd Fellow.

COMMISSIONER RAUM

Submits the Annual Report of the Pension Bureau to the Interior Department.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The annual report of Commissioner Raum of the pension bureau, submitted to the secretary of the Interior yesterday, shows that on June 30, 1891, there were 676,160 pensioners borne on the rolls of the bureau, being 138,216 more than were carried on the rolls at the close of the last fiscal year. They are classified as follows: Widows and daughters of revolutionary soldiers, 23; army invalid pensioners, 413,597; army widows, minor children, etc., 168,357; navy invalid pensioners, 3,449; navy widows, minor children, etc., 2,568; survivors of the war of 1812, 7,590; survivors of the Mexican war, 16,379; widows of soldiers of the Mexican war, 6,976.

Following are the number of pensions of the several classes granted under the act of June 27, 1890: Army invalid pensioners, 97,135; army widows, minor children, etc., 12,200; navy invalid pensioners, 3,976; navy widows, minor children, etc., 1,436. During the last fiscal year first payments were paid upon 131,160 original claims, requiring $31,391,518 for their payment. This is an increase in the number of original payments over the year of 1890 of 64,532. The aggregate cost, however, was $1,087,302 less.

There were 221,521 first payments of every description, requiring $38,552,274, being $69,502 less than was required for the 150,514 first payments made during the last fiscal year. The average value of first payments made during the year was $239.33 and the average value of first payments on claims allowed under the act of June 27, 1890, was $71.28. The average value of first payments for the preceding year was $485.71, being a reduction in the average first payments of $246.38.

The aggregate annual value of the 676,160 pensions on the roll June 30, 1891, was $88,847,200, and the average annual value of each pension under the act of June 27, 1890, was $121.51.

At the close of the fiscal year there were 33,574 pensioners on the roll who remained unpaid for the want of time, and who were entitled to receive $4,883,242, which will be paid out of the appropriation for the current fiscal year, and there remained at the close of the fiscal year in the hands of the several pension agents, the sum of $5,718,852.84, which has since been covered into the treasury. This amount, added to $3,607,133.22 of the pension appropriation not drawn from the treasury, aggregates $9,330,986.06 of the appropriation which was not expended. There will be a deficiency in the appropriation for the payment of fees and expenses of examining surgeons, of about $300,000.

The total amount disbursed on account of pensions, expenses, etc., during the fiscal year was $118,848,950.71, as compared with $106,493,890.19 disbursed during the preceding fiscal year. So that it appears that 138,216 pensions were added to the rolls during the fiscal year just closed, at an increased cost to the nation of $12,055,069, as compared with the expenditures for the previous fiscal year, and said expenditure includes $4,357,847 paid upon vouchers remaining unpaid at the close of the year. The largest number of certificates issued to any class was 4,693 to men who served 36 months. The greatest number of pensioners under both the old and new law was 47 years. During the last year 20,525 pensioners were dropped from the rolls for various causes, and of this number 13,229 were dropped by reason of death.

The loss to the pension rolls by the decrease of widows, and mothers and fathers was at the rate of 35 per 1,000 in 1891. It is estimated that of the soldiers who served in the country during the late war 1,004,658 were killed in battle or died during and since the war. On June 30, last, 124,750 of these deceased soldiers were represented on the pension rolls by their widows or other dependents.

There are about 1,208,707 soldiers of the Union now living, and of the survivors 520,138 are now on the pension rolls. There are, therefore, 688,549 survivors who are not pensioned and 879,958 deceased soldiers not represented on the pension rolls. The commissioner renews his recommendation of last year as to the readjustment of the pension ratings under the act of March 3, 1883, and March 4, 1890.

ALIEN LABORERS AT THE FAIR.

They Can Come, But no Formal Regulations Have Been Promulgated.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—Assistant Secretary Nettleton has addressed the following letter to Alexander D. Anderson, special commissioner World's Columbian exposition, New York city:

DEAR SIR:—In your recent communication addressed to the chief clerk of this department you ask, in behalf of the consul general of Great Britain, for a copy of the regulations of this department in regard to contract labor to be employed in connection with foreign exhibits at the approaching exposition.

While no formal regulations have been promulgated by the department in this connection, the law authorizes the secretary of the treasury to assure the consul general of Great Britain and all others with whom you may have occasion to communicate in this connection, that when laborers shall be required or expected in the employ of foreign exhibitors, and coming to the United States in connection with foreign exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition, will be admitted and will be subject to no delay or hindrance of any nature.

Whatever regulations shall prove to be necessary in order to carry out this decision of the department will be promulgated in due season and furnished to all interested parties through the proper channels.

THE MILLIONS IN THE TREASURY.

Secretary Foster Says the Million-Dollar Story was a Canard.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—In an interview regarding the money in the treasury, Secretary Foster said:

"The paragraph sent to the press throughout the country that there was less than $1,000,000 in currency available for business in the vaults of the treasury at Washington," with what follows it, is meaningless jargon. No treasury official could have given such information, for the reason that it is not true. It is well to understand that Washington is only one of the places where money of the government is kept. Funds might be low here, and plentiful elsewhere.

"After paying $17,500,000 of four-and-a-half-per-cents the treasury has in its vaults $91,000,000 in excess of $100,000,000 gold reserve, against which there are contingent liabilities of about $16,000,000."

The $91,000,000 in excess of the gold reserve referred to by the secretary is made up as follows: Contingent liabilities, five per cent fund for national bank redemption, $5,442,000; outstanding checks and drafts, $6,284,000; disbursing officers' balances, $31,113,000; agency accounts, $3,768,000; total, $46,609,000. Net balance composed of fractional currency, deposits in national banks, etc., $44,207,000; total, $91,816,000.

MUST OBSERVE THE EXCLUSION ACT

Until It Has Been Declared Void By the Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Assistant Secretary Spaulding has written a letter to Special Agent C. J. Mulkey, at Tacoma, Wash., in regard to a recent decision of a United States court in the state of Washington, wherein it was held that certain Chin

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

Bold Plan to Kidnap New York Children and Hold Them for a Ransom.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—A morning paper announces the discovery of a startling plot planned by a gang of the most notorious criminals in the country to kidnap young children belonging to New York millionaires. The story is in substance that the first child to be kidnaped was little George Gould, jr.; the next was a boy, the youngest child of Cornelius Vanderbilt; the next a baby boy in the family of J. D. Rockefeller, the $150,000,000 magnate; the next young Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., and so on until it was almost a positive certainty that thousands could be secured in the way of ransom. Ten of the most notorious confidence operators of New York and Chicago are supposed to have banded together to make the play of their life.

"It is now about two months ago that I was approached in this matter," said Inspector Byrnes. "The first case mentioned was that of Baby Gould, the son of George Gould. The only intimation that Mr. Gould had that a plot had been formed to kidnap his child was the attempt a man made to secure the friendship of his governess. The men who were in the plot planned their scheme well. First, they were to become intimate, or rather, one of them was to court the governess. After securing her confidence —they would have married her, if necessary—they were to take her for a long walk, and when the opportunity arrived abduct the child.

"When I took hold of the matter I knew just whom I had to deal with. I knew every man. Luckily for them the scheme did not pan out. I nipped it in the bud and if a criminal action had been committed they would be behind the bars."

...L OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

...ary Order Issued From ...Headquarters.

...following is ...

...ber as ha... ...general comm... ...more, resigned as ... ...commissioned as lieutenant ...ngagement on the Rosebud, Oregon, Washington and ...

...Sowers, resigned from the ...y, commissioned quartermas...

...mas Y. Hayhurst, of St. Louis, ...a member of the court of in...

...following are commissioned ... of the order for their respec... with the rank of major-general: ...t, Los Gatos, Cal.; Samuel J. ...ant Park, Ills.; W. P. Yonkey, ...Ind.; Jonathan E. Kirk, Wichita; ...n J. Rollins, Attleboro, Mass.; ...Excelsior, Minn.; Charles Crabosch, ...lle, Mo.; W. J. Ferris, Boone, Neb.; ...mpson, Rochester, N. Y.; J. T. Gar...Bridgeton, N. J.; Henry Fuller, ...N. Y.; John D. Lewis, Foreman, N. D.; ...M. Sannes, Frankfort, O.; Lewis Blun...Pulnesville, Pa.; T. T. Plummer, Puyal...D. Wash.

Sixth—The major-generals commanding states will immediately proceed to appoint recruiting officers for portions of their territory and report the same to general headquarters for commission.

By order of

GEORGE O. DALTON,
General Commanding.

F. G. FERGUSON, A. A. D.

MAJOR MCKINLEY SPEAKS IN IOWA.

An Immense Crowd at Ottumwa Listens to the Great Protectionist.

OTTUMWA, Iowa, Sept. 23.—(Special.)—There is here to-day the greatest outpouring of Republicans to greet McKinley at the coal palace, which has assembled since Grant's last visit to this state.

Twenty-five crowded excursion trains from all parts of Iowa supplemented the regular trains, and all were crowded to the utmost. There were fully 30,000 people on the streets of this city during the monster procession.

The Wapello County Republican club headed the procession, and the entire marching force, numbering many thousands, carried corn-stalk canes, and wore American tin plate "Ohio" badges.

Major McKinley was everywhere wildly cheered, and the coal palace, which is capable of seating 8,000 people, was not large enough to accommodate the crowd.

This morning Major McKinley and his colleagues, Messrs. Gray, Henderson, Lacy, and Senator Allison, visited the Palace and were tendered a reception by the Missouri delegation.

This afternoon the exercises were held in the palace, where McKinley spoke for a couple of hours, on the tariff and silver. There was such a demand to hear him that he addressed an open air meeting after the palace speech.

A Republican camp fire was held to-night, with Allison, Gear, Henderson and other speakers.

A NEW AND SURPRISING MOVE.

Quo Warranto Writs Issued in the Rhode Island Political Controversy.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 23.—Ex-Gov. Ingersoll, ex-Judge Stoddard and State's Attorney Doolittle put in an appearance in the civil superior court this morning. Mr. Doolittle informed the court that he had issued two more writs of quo warranto in the political controversy. They are brought with the state as relator in the name of Marvin H. Sanger against E. Stevens Henry, state treasurer, and John J. Phelan against R. Jay Walsh, the state secretary. Mr. Doolittle asked that they be made returnable on October 6. Judge Thayer so decreed and the papers were delivered to Sheriff Tomlinson for service.

This morning's proceedings was a new and surprising move and was the result of a conference between counsel and the parties concerned, yesterday, immediately after Judge Stoddard's return from Europe. The Democrats are anxious to get all the cases into the Supreme court by next term.

FROM LONDON TO CHICAGO FOR £21

Good Plan Inaugurated by the Polytechnic Y. M. A. of London.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—H. Burbridge, of this city, has received a letter from G. W. Byrne, of London, Eng., saying that the Polytechnic Young Men's association, of London, has already arranged to run an excursion to the World's Fair in Chicago. The excursion party will come first to New York, will spend a day in Philadelphia and one in Washington, and then go to Chicago, where a week will be spent. Returning the party will stop over at Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and will pay a visit to some Canadian city, most likely Toronto. From there they will go to Albany and take a boat down the Hudson river to New York. The whole trip will occupy four or five weeks. It will cost each person £21.

M. B. CURTIS PLACED ON TRIAL.

Three Witnesses Examined and the Case Adjourned Until Saturday.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 29.—The trial of Maurice B. Curtis ("Samuel of Posen"), for the murder of Officer Grant, commenced to-day. Only three witnesses were examined. All gave testimony similar to that given by them before the coroner's jury. The case then went over till next Saturday afternoon.

Burning the Grass.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kans., Sept. 26.—A great many wagons are trailing back over the Cherokee strip with people who failed to get claims in the Indian lands opened last Tuesday. Almost all of them will drift about, living under canvas, waiting for the strip to open. They seem to feel as if every one on the strip was their enemy, and are said to be firing the grass in hundreds of places. They do not know when they are on the strip, or when they are on the Indian reservations, and the reservations along the Santa Fe have suffered greatly.

About Ponca Thursday the grass was burning on every side and it was only after a hard fight that the houses a little way from the station were saved. To the west of the whole line of the horizon was a wall of smoke looking like a great chain of mountains covered with snow to their base. The grass is getting very dry and burns readily and the fires are sure to cover the larger part of the strip and render it useless for winter grazing.

EVERYTHING BURNED.

The Country Around Hinckley, Minn., Swept by Flames That Could Not be Checked.

HINCKLEY, Minn., Sept. 26.—There has never before been a fire of the magnitude of this one in this region. That of two years ago is said by the lumbermen here to have been as nothing, scarcely, compared with this one. The whole country has been swept by the flames, and everything has been burned outside of the towns except a few lumber camps here. Thousands of tons of hay on the low lands are all destroyed.

Reports from the Southwest, along the line of the Great Northern, say that the danger seems to be over, unless there is a heavy wind again. The fire is burning northward towards Superior, and is said to be in the vicinity of Partridge and Kerrick.

At Oak Park, and Princeton, the people were obliged to turn out en masse to fight away the fires. In both instances they were successful. On every side of Millaca the fires are still burning. Nothing but a heavy rain will take away all fears.

A Long and Brave Fight.

MORA, Minn., Sept. 26.—After a long and brave fight with the forest fire, the people in Kanaba county are feeling relieved. The worst is gone down and no further dangers are anticipated in the settled portion of the county. So far as heard, no lives have been lost.

The mill bridge across the Knife river was burned, and several lumbering camps with valuable kits. The fire is working its way north, and the damage to standing pine will amount to thousands of dollars. Several houses at Mille Lacs Lake were destroyed.

Large Quantities of Wheat, Hay and Timber Burned.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 23.—Heavy timber fires are raging in the Red Lake reservation and near Milaca and Easterbrooks. The country is sparsely settled, and the farmers are completely at the mercy of the flames.

Farmers through North Dakota have suspended threshing operations, and all are busy forming fire breaks to protect their property. In some instances, farmers have been careless, and in trying to ...e a property have started ...e done great damage to ... of the fires so far started ... from this cause.

...railroads are also taking every ...tion to prevent the spreading of ... Furrows are plowed along the ...orders of the right of way and between these furrows and the track the grass is all burned. This serves the double purpose of protecting the bridges and culverts of the road and preventing the lighting of fires by sparks from the engines.

Narrow Escape of School Children.

PINE CITY, Minn., Sept. 23.—Terrific fires are now raging in Northwestern Minnesota, over $15,000 worth of timber land having been destroyed. The loss to farmers will be high. Several homes and farm buildings have been burned and the owners obliged to leave the devastated district. Two school houses were destroyed yesterday, the pupils barely escaping with their lives. The teachers led their little bands to places of safety. The loss will amount to $700 an hour at the rate the flames are now raging, and it is useless to attempt to extinguish them. The fire is approaching Pine City, and 500 men are fighting it.

Thousands of Acres Burned Over.

OAKES, N. D., Sept. 23.—A disastrous prairie fire started east of this place Monday. The damage to shocked and stacked wheat is very heavy. The area covered by the fire amounts to thousands of acres.

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD

Miss Colt, of Hartford, and Her Friend the Prince.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 24.—Information comes from Homburg that Miss Colt, once a famous beauty of this city, is receiving marked attention from the Prince of Wales at the great German watering place.

Miss Colt, her mother and stepfather, Madmid Markham, have been traveling in Europe for several months. In 1889 Miss Colt cut quite a figure in social circles in Binghamton, it being given out that she was the fiancee of G. Harry Lester. He had purchased a magnificent residence and furnished it luxuriously. The most elegant receptions were given in honor of Mr. Lester and his distinguished guests, and no money or pains were spared in making their visit to Binghamton a memorable one. Time went on, but still no marriage occurred, and finally Miss Colt and her mother disappeared. Society people here were struck with the turn of events, and much chagrined at what they term was a base deception practiced upon them. Miss Colt, with her mother and stepfather, now turns up in Europe, and the press dispatches of a few days ago tell of her great social success and marvellous beauty.

MORMONISM IS BOUND TO GO.

The Utah Commission in Session in Chicago—An Opinion.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—The Utah commission, empowered to enforce the Edmunds anti-polygamy law, consisting of Alvin Saunders, of Nebraska; Gen. John A. McClernand, Col. G. L. Godfrey, of Des Moines; Judge A. B. Williams, of Arkansas, and Lieutenant Governor Robertson, of Indiana, held a secret session to-day, and will continue to discuss their annual report to be submitted to the secretary of the Interior. Lieutenant Governor Robertson, in discussing the workings of the law, said:

"The law, we believe, will eventually stamp out Mormonism, and, in fact, many of the Mormons are now professing that they have ceased to practice polygamy and are eager to become citizens again. You see, we have the power to disfranchise all polygamists, and this has been done. It is quite difficult, however, to prove the guilt of any one, but the majority of the people are against polygamy, although they will not seek to destroy it.

LINEN AS CHEAP AS COTTON.

Senator Pettigrew's Fiber Company to Make It So by a New Discovery.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 24.—"I believe that it is but a matter of a very few years when linen cloth will be as cheap as cotton, yard for yard," said United States Senator Frank Pettigrew to-day. "The American Fiber company, of which I am a member and one of the incorporators, is the inventor and owner of the process. We have had experts engaged for several years in working it out. "Hitherto the straw has been rotted in the dews, requiring several months' time and much labor, but our experts with the aid of the microscope, discovered that the rotting was performed by a microbe that devours the glue which makes the fiber adhere to the wood. They then learned that they could breed inconceivable numbers of these microbes in an inconceivably short space of time. The result is that months have been reduced to hours in linen production."

HE TURNS UNIVERSALIST.

The Noted Episcopalian Will be Pastor of a Saginaw Church.

CANTON, O., Sept. 23.—(Special.)—Rev. Howard McQueary, the Episcopal rector under suspension for heresy, has given up the fight and withdrawn from the Episcopal church. He sent a letter to Right Rev. W. A. Leonard, bishop of Ohio, at Cleveland, giving his reasons for withdrawal, which are that he cannot conscientiously continue in the church and hold to his views. Mr. McQueary has entered a Universalist church and his first charge will be at Saginaw, Mich., a wealthy congregation. He will leave for that city at once.

Smuggled Chinamen Captured.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 28.—Four Chinamen named Lem Sing, La Sing, Ah Chew and Me Mow, were captured in this city, at 3:00, this morning, after a chase of 25 miles across the country from Cape Vincent, they having violated the exclusion law. Ah Chew is a Canadian citizen. The others will be returned to China.

Jesse Grant in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 25.—Jesse Grant arrived here to-day from San Francisco. He is on his way East to visit his mother and bring her back to Chicago to witness the unveiling of the statue of her illustrious husband.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A CABINET CONFERENCE.

The Administration at Washington Confronted With a Threatening Aspect of Affairs in the South America Quarter.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—The President was in consultation yesterday with the representatives of the State and Navy departments.

While no official information upon the subject can be obtained, there is reason to believe that the administration is confronted with the serious and perhaps threatening aspect of affairs in Chili. Since last Friday cablegrams, couched in cipher, have been passing between Washington and Valparaiso. The officials of the State and Navy departments, through whose hands these cablegrams have passed, refuse to make their contents public. It is gathered, however, that they relate to affairs in Chili, and that serious complications have arisen between the junta and the United States representatives in that country.

At present the United States naval force in Chili consists of one vessel—the cruiser Baltimore—commanded by Capt. Schley. The San Francisco touched at Callao, Peru, last week, on her way northward, with Admiral Brown in command. An effort was made by the Navy department to communicate with her, but she sailed for Acapulco, Mex., Friday, before the cablegram reached her. Her bottom is very foul, and the vessel would be almost unserviceable unless docked and cleaned. There are no other modern vessels on the Pacific side that could be dispatched to Chili, and it is assumed that Commodore Ramsay was called into the consultation by the President for the purpose of explaining the exact extent of the resources of the Navy department.

It is conjectured here that the matters under consideration at the conference were statements from Minister Egan and Capt. Schley, of recent occurrences in Chili, which are also conjectured to accord with the special dispatches from Valparaiso printed in New York yesterday morning.

In brief this dispatch was to the effect that three United States citizens had been arbitrarily arrested in Santiago by order of the junta; that a cordon of police had been posted around the United States legation building; that access to the legation had been controlled by the junta and finally that the United States minister to Chili was annoyed in his efforts to care for American interests. Just what Captain Schley had to communicate to the navy department cannot be learned from any of the officials, but it is surmised that it related to the treatment of the refugees or that the bitter anti-American sentiment in Chili, resulting from the seizure of the Itata, has revealed itself in hostile or unfriendly demonstrations towards the officers and men of the Baltimore.

Secretary Tracy, while declining to make any statement relative to the conference at the White House, said that he did not intend to send any more ships to Chili, and that he did not regard the situation as threatening.

In response to an inquiry relative to the reports that a revolt had broken out among the troops at Santiago, Senor Montt, the Chilian congressional envoy at Washington, has received a dispatch from Senor Matta, the minister of foreign affairs, saying that "Peace has not, nor will not be disturbed, least of all by military revolts."

MR. RAUM'S ALLEGED RETIREMENT.

He Will Probably Resign Before the Convening of Congress.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—(Special.)—The rumor that Commissioner of Pensions Raum is about to retire, is again out, and it is stated that he will be succeeded by ex-Senator Blair. That Mr. Raum will probably go out before the meeting of Congress, there seems to be no doubt, but it is not by any means certain that Mr. Blair will be appointed to the vacancy.

Mr. Blair was a soldier and a brave man, and also possesses considerable executive ability. He would, doubtless, make a reliable and efficient commissioner of pensions, but his persistent advocacy of the education bill, against the opposition that has been brought to bear against it, has made him unpopular, and has caused him to be considered something of a crank. His devotion to the labor interests and to women's suffrage has also contributed to an uncomfortable feeling against him, which, really, he does not deserve. One reason why he is not as likely to be appointed as some one else, is because it is not believed that he could do the President any particular amount of good in New Hampshire.

LESS THAN FIVE DAYS.

An Overland Trip Made in Four Days, Twelve Hours and Twenty-Eight Minutes.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—At 10:56 o'clock this morning the private coach Grassmere, containing John W. Mackay, the Californian millionaire, and Miss Fair, the daughter of Senator James G. Fair, and a sister of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, rolled into the Grand Central depot, attached to the fast mail, over the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, having made the fastest trip on record from San Francisco to this city.

Mr. Oelrichs was at the depot awaiting the train which was reported 28 minutes late at Poughkeepsie. Five minutes was made up, making the actual time of the trip, after counting the difference of time between the two cities, 4 days, 12 hours and 28 minutes. This beats the record of Herman Oelrichs, who in August last made the trip in 4 days, 16 hours and 10 minutes.

The party left San Francisco at 7 o'clock on Wednesday on the Southern Pacific mixed train, arriving at Green River, Wyo., in time to catch the fast mail from Portland, Ore. They reached Chicago at 7 o'clock yesterday at the C., B. & Q. depot, and were transferred to the Lake Shore depot, leaving there at 8 o'clock.

At Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific, they were one hour and 25 minutes late, but made up the time before reaching Council Bluffs. They were again delayed by a freight train on the Lake Shore, and consequently did not get in on schedule time. It is rumored that Mr. Mackay's trip to this city is for the purpose of looking after the interests of the Pacific roads in connection with the Searles will contest, and a visit to Salem will probably be taken.

AN INDIAN OUTBREAK

Feared by Settlers in Northern Idaho—A Troop of Cavalry Awaiting Marching Orders.

SPOKANE FALLS, Wash., Sept. 29.—The settlers in Calispel valley in Northern Idaho are alarmed over the menacing attitude of the Indians in that section.

Marsela, chief of the Calispels, it is reported, has ordered all white settlers out of the country, and the Indians are running off the settlers' stock and otherwise annoying the whites. General Carlin, in command of the Fourth infantry now in camp in Spokane, has been urged to take measures of precaution. He has sent for the Indian agent, Hal Cole, who will arrive here to-day.

A troop of cavalry under command of Gen. Carlin is ready for marching orders, and may start at once for the scene of disturbance. Calispel valley is isolated, and all supplies have to be sent in by pack train.

Suicide of Ex-Governor Morehouse.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 23.—Ex-Governor Morehouse committed suicide at 9 o'clock this morning at Marysville, Mo.

GUATEMALA.

A Revolutionary Uprising in the City of Guatemala—Over 500 People Killed—Reign of the Mob.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 29.—A dispatch from the City of Mexico says a revolution has been precipitated in the republic of Guatemala, which will unquestionably become general. A gentleman who left the City of Guatemala on the morning of the 16th inst., and who has just reached this city on horseback from the Mexican port of Acapulco, brings the information that an outbreak occurred in Guatemala City on the 15th inst., and was still in progress when he left.

According to his story, the people of that city were celebrating the anniversary of their national holiday. It appears that President Barrillas had personally appointed the orators of the day. To this the masses took exception, and when the orators took the rostrum it was a signal for a storm of stones, which set them to flight, they being chased across the big plaza by a howling mob, which shouted at the top of their voices: "Down with the government. Down with despotism and tyranny, die Barillas."

An exciting scene followed, and every known Liberal or Barillas partisan was driven from the plaza, being soundly stoned at every step. After that the masses elected their orators, and the most violent and incendiary speeches followed. The news of the riot spread rapidly, and soon Barillas threw a battalion of infantry into the large square for the purpose of dispersing the mob. They, with fixed bayonets, attempted to carry the plaza by assault. They were met with a shower of stones and bullets from revolvers. This unexpected action of the mob put them to ignominous flight, leaving many dead and wounded in the plaza.

The uproar was something to be long remembered. Members of the mob shouted, "Let's storm the national palace, kill Barillas and restore a republican form of government!" "Guatemala should not be ruled by a dictator!" "Plundering of the national treasury must cease!"

Barillas then ordered artillery into the plaza and infantry and two cannon to guard his residence. When the guns were turned on the mob there was a general dispersing of them, though they discharged their revolvers at the artillerymen. They left the plaza, but fought in the side streets; in fact, they practically during the night of the 15th held full control of the city, though at intervals they were attacked by the infantry, who shot many of them. The reports of revolvers and rifles were to be heard all night, and at the hour the gentleman giving this information left for San Jose de Guatemala (the port for Acapulco, fighting still was in progress.

In his conception this will cause a general revolt throughout the entire republic of Guatemala and engender war in all of the other Central American states. A strict censorship is maintained over all press dispatches, and the mails are also trifled with to prevent the taking of any information concerning the actual condition of the country. It is stated that cable communication with Guatemala City has been interrupted.

At 5 o'clock yesterday (Monday) afternoon, the *Americrican* received a special dispatch from Newton, on the line between Guatemala and Mexico. The telegram was received at the Newton telegraph office by special courier, and it brings information that Barillas is master of the situation, he having put down the revolt after three days of hard fighting. The revolt was precipitated by Montufar, a son of one the candidates for the presidency, who is a strong partisan of Barillas, in attempting to make a political speech on Independence day. A mob threw him and his friends from the platform in the main plaza, pelting them with stones until they found shelter in a neighboring house. From that time until the night of the 18th there was street fighting, sometimes the mob being in control of the city and at other times the army.

Martial Law Declared.

The arrival of troops from adjoining districts eventually restored Barillas to power, and the city is thoroughly infested with soldiers. Martial law has been declared. It was expected when the courier left the city of Guatemala that Barillas would dec are himself dictator so as to prolong his term of office.

Salvador is moving troops to the military district of Santa Ana, bordering on the southern frontier of Guatemala, and it is believed for the purpose of invading the latter country if the City of Guatemala revolt spread to interior points. It is said that already at Zuetgaltnango, one of the most important cities in the upper districts of Guatemala, revolts have occurred against Barillas within the past three months, but they have proved so far abortive.

Five Hundred Lives Sacrificed.

A private dispatch to a prominent merchant in this city, who has business relations in the City of Guatemala, shown to the correspondent last night, from Newton, says that fully 500 lives were sacrificed in three days' fighting in the city of Guatemala and that the shooting is still going on. The dispatch also conveys the information that Barillas has declared himself dictator.

It is stated that Col. Jobon killed Gen. Sanchez, and it followed that a brother of Gen. Sanchez, learning of his assassination, went to the place, which was surrounded by cannon, where Jobon was stationed, and shot and killed him. Gen. Sanchez's brother has been executed. The city is under martial law and a reign of terror prevails, the inhabitants being afraid to leave their homes. The revolt which has taken place at Quetgaltenago, the revolutionary leader is reported to be supported by over 1,000 men. The palace and residence of President Barillas are guarded by both infantry and artillery. The President does not stir abroad unless guarded by a large force of cavalry.

CARL SCHURZ.

The Renegade Mugwump May be Nominated by Tammany Hall to Succeed Flower in Congress.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Political circles were surprised yesterday by the announcement that the Tammany leaders have seriously under consideration a suggestion to nominate Carl Schurz for Congress in the Twelfth district to succeed Roswell P. Flower. The rumor will not be a surprise, however, to those who have watched closely the tactics of the Tammany clique for the past few campaigns. The programme has been to select as candidates for certain offices of no particular use to the leaders, men of ability and character, whose names can be used as a cloak to carry favor with the independent voters. Thus far the Tammanyites have succeeded in filling up such jobs, and the statement that Mr. Schurz will be asked to succeed Mr. Flower continues the opinion that the programme this year will be a sort of a continuation of the past.

Mr. Schurz personally knows little or nothing perhaps of the use of his name by the Tammany gang, but his free trade friends think the cause of English merchants and manufacturers would be considerably strengthened in protection America if the ex-secretary of the Interior was provided with a seat in Congress. Mr. Schurz is a strong free trade mugwump, but his views, either politically or on the tariff, will not operate against him with Boss Croker if he can obtain the use of his name for Tammany in the coming contest. Mr. Schurz's resignation as the resident director of the Hamburg-American Packet company has been the talk of shipping circles. To-day it was said that Mr. Schurz received $12,000 a year for the use of his name; that in the interest of economy he decided to resign.

INFURIATED NEGROES

Take Possession of Lee County, Ark., and Inaugurate a Significantly Dangerous Race War.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 29.—A special from Marianna, Ark., says: Bands of riotous negroes have almost taken possession of Lee county, Ark. The killing of Tom Miller, a white man and agent for J. F. Frank, by the rioters and strikers here precipitated a serious state of affairs. The indications for some time, indeed since the reduction of the price of picking cotton has been inaugurated, have been that there would be trouble between the blacks and whites. Cotton picking has been suspended in Lee county for several days, and the pickers have refused to work for 50 cents per 100. On Saturday last an armed gang of about 100 mounted men took positions along the roadside leading to J. A. Frank's plantation. The agent of Frank, Tom Miller, met the infuriated negroes and tried to dissuade them from their riotous intentions, but they shot him down without a moment's warning.

They proceeded on their way, cursing and abusing every white they met, and threatening all their property with destruction. When they reached the plantation known as "Park place," the gin houses of Bond & Terrell were set on fire and burned to the ground, and afterwards many other in the neighborhood met a similar fate. The demonstration on the part of the blacks has aroused the entire country, and the sheriff and Mr. Bond with a posse of 50 men, are in pursuit of them. It seems that the rioting negroes were baited with a barbecue in the canebrake near the Hodges place, and that the whites surrounded them in the cane last night. No casualties are reported, except that two of the negroes effected an escape through the cane and attempted to cross the river at the Cartwright place, one receiving a bullet in the shoulder and the other getting a flesh wound in the leg.

EFFECT OF THE TARIFF.

Increased Demand for Goods Protected by the Republican Tariff Necessitates an Enhancement of the Capacity.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 29.—(Special.)—The value of the McKinley law to American woolen manufacturers is aptly illustrated in the case of the Northern Ohio Blanket mills, of this city, the proprietors of which have found it necessary to double the capacity of their works by reason of the increased orders that have poured in since the McKinley law went into effect.

The new building will be 130 by 86 and three stories high, and will give employment to 150 more men, making woolen blankets, robes and melton cloth. Of the new tariff, Mr. Locke, senior, one of the proprietors, says in an interview published here this morning: "The effect of the McKinley bill has been to create a vastly better demand for our goods now than in the past. Prices have, however, remained practically the same as before, and we do not anticipate any change. In fact we are now contracting for the goods of next season's manufacture, which prices are unchanged. The demand has increased so greatly that we have been enforced to enlarge our works.

We have had this project in contemplation for over two years, but the demand for our goods has not been great enough to warrant the venture until within the last few months. Immediately after the McKinley law took effect we could see the change, and the demand gradually increased until within the last three months it has grown very rapidly.

"The production of the whole country has considerably improved, and the outlook is very favorable. The business is picking up everywhere in the country, and a great many mills which a year ago were lying idle, have now resumed operations and are running at their full capacity."

WHALEBACK PASSENGER BOATS.

The North German Lloyd Company Proposes to Add Them to Its Fleet.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—A cable dispatch received to-day from London says that the North German Lloyd Steamship company has advertised for bids from shipbuilders in Europe and America for the construction of several whaleback passenger steamships. The movement is said to be a result of the success of that model, demonstrated by the Wetmore, which was recently in this port. It is thought that ships of that pattern can be built to attain great speed, with full safety and comfort to passengers. The advertisement calls for proposals for ships of about six thousand tons, and the passenger accommodations are to be in a structure built above the whaleback.

ASKING FOR EXHIBITION SPACE.

England and Germany Each Want 200,000 Square Feet at the Fair.

CHICAGO, Sept. 25.—A morning paper says: England and Germany, through their government representatives yesterday asked Director General Davis to give them each 200,000 square feet of floor space for exhibits.

The significance of the demand lies in that it settles beyond all cavil the international character of the exposition and assures displays from the great European nations that will surpass anything the World's Fair management had hoped.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—There was a very free flow of currency from New York to the West and South last week, and money was active and higher. The aggregate imports of gold during the week were $450,000, and about $10,000,000 was on the way Saturday on various steamships for this country. At this rate it will not take long for the gold which went abroad during the first six months of the year to all find its way back again. The range for call loans was an extended one, the average for the week being about 6 per cent, closing Saturday night at 3 per cent offered. For time contracts there was good demand and fair supply at 6 per cent for all dates from 30 days to 6 months.

STOCKS.—The feature of the stock market last week was the break in the Missouri Pacific. This was produced by manipulation by JAY GOULD and RUSSELL SAGE, who control this valuable property. The story told in New York and which we have no doubt is substantially correct, is that GEORGE GOULD, while his father, JAY GOULD, was absent this summer, sold Missouri Pacific pretty largely, expecting, of course, that the stock was going to fall. On the contrary the boom in the stock market started, and Missouri Pacific climbed rapidly, as did all other stocks. This did not suit JAY GOULD. His son had made a mistake in speculation, but JAY did not propose that the Gould family should pay for the mistake if he could prevent it; hence he resorted to the desperate measure of postponing the regular quarterly dividend on the Missouri Pacific stock in order to send it on the down grade. Of course, there was a tumble in prices on Missouri Pacific, which the general list shared to some extent. Messrs. GOULD and SAGE, on Wednesday, before the executive committee of the Missouri Pacific road, stated that they "had *personally advanced* a great deal of money lately to that company," and therefore the dividend must be passed. The New York *Financial Chronicle*, speaking of this statement, says:

The significance of the words we have quoted is that those very same words form the epitaph which can be found on the tombstone standing over every distressed property which has fallen into the same management during the past twenty years. Still another suggestion and this is worth millions to the public if it would only regard it—is never to purchase the securities of properties that are not in the control of those who have a character to lose. Any stock or bond may decline, for any railroad may be thrown through trials which could not be foreseen; but where the management is sound, it is a very rare occurrence that the investor who holds on will not more than recoup all his apparent losses.

There seems to be no danger of any permanent decline in sound stocks. The conditions are all exceptionally favorable for big railroad business this year. The recent upward movement in stocks was almost irresistible. Nothing to equal it in force or in character has been seen in New York for years; and this was because it was based on the most solid of all foundations—enormous crops and a healthy condition of every factor that goes to make railroads prosperous.

SILVER.—There was a slight increase in the demand for silver bullion in London, and a little better feeling in India exchange, which imparted a firmer tone to the silver market. The amount of silver bullion held in New York city against bullion certificates is now 4,061,000 ounces. Bar silver closed Saturday in London at 45¾ d. per ounce, and in New York at 98 cents per ounce. At the latter rate, the quantity of pure silver in the United States standard dollar is worth about 75.7 cents.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY

Dun's Report Gives a Roseate Outlook for the Future.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: None of the disturbances threaten to affect the general prosperity which the enormous crops now promise, and the failure of a house of extraordinary repute and strength to sustain the price of corn is at once proof of the general prosperity, and a warning that whosoever gets on the wrong side when the country is growing is liable to hurt. The reports from other sources indicate a continuance of the general improvement in trade already noticed.

Reports as to money markets are generally favorable. Money is easier at Boston and Philadelphia; in fair supply at Cleveland, and for mercantile needs at Chicago and Milwaukee, easier at Kansas City, but very active at New Orleans. Collections are fairly good everywhere. Gold receipts have as yet hardly balanced the large shipments to the interior for products.

The great industries are doing well. There is a better demand for iron, without advance in price. More inquiry is seen for rails, 20,000 tons being sold here, a stronger demand for bar, moderate activity in plate and structural mills fairly employed. Copper is stronger; large consumption; distribution of tin is larger and lead is stronger. Steady sales of wool give proof of consumption equal to last year's, though in dress goods large, desirable fabrics being sold freely, the capacity of worsteds and the better grades of worsteds, all wool cassimeres and heavy cheviots selling well, with an unprecedented demand for good white flannels, while the medium "veneered" and cotton warp goods, and the cheaper flannels are no longer wanted. It is a notable evidence of growing prosperity that the demand thus changes from inferior to better goods. In cotton goods the buying is larger than for years in many lines.

Wheat has advanced 1c, but corn has fallen 6c during the week. Cotton is 3-16 higher, with better exports, but a sharp fall of 1¼c has occurred in coffee. The fall in stocks on Thursday averaged $1.80 per share.

The business failures throughout the country during the past seven days number 244, as compared with 230 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 219.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1891.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 29.	Sept. 22.
U. S. 4's, coupons	110¾	117
U. S. 4's registered	110¾	116
U. S. 5's	96¾	110
Pac. 6's of '95	110¾	110

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$ 3,748,625
Loans, increase	3,227,600
Specie, decrease	76,900
Legal tenders, decrease	4,148,300
Deposits, decrease	1,910,200
Circulation, increase	7,100

The banks now hold $4,007,125 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

Close—3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 5 per cent. Bar silver, 97¼. The trading in the stock market after 12 o'clock was small in all but the few leading stocks, and the transactions in those was enlivened by a further drive at Missouri Pacific, by which it was depressed to a new low figure for 62. Considerable attention was paid to the other leaders, however, and Burlington lost 2½, Rock Island ¾, and the others all large fractions. There was an evident lack of support, and while there was some recovery from the bottom figures the movement lacked life, and the market became quiet and almost motionless. More strength in the last hour was shown in the coalers shares, Missouri Pacific touching 64. The close was active and weak after a sharp reaction in Missouri Pacific to 62¾ with the others at fractional gains over first prices.

	Open'g	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Atch	44¾	44¾	43¾	43¾
A. C. O	20	20	20	20
Can. Sou	56¼	56⅝	56	56⅛
C. C	72½	72½	71¾	72
C. R. & Q	97¾	97¾	96¾	88¼
C. Gas Trust	51¾	51¾	51¼	51⅜
Del. Hud	136	136	135¾	135¾
Del. Lack	143⅝	144¼	142¾	143⅜
Den.	30¾	30¾	29¾	29¾
Rock. Val	34⅜	34⅜	33	33
L. C	118¾	118¾	118¼	118¼
Lead Tr	109¾	109¾	109¾	109¾
Lake Shore	124¾	124¾	124¼	124¼
L. & Nash	79¾	79¾	78¾	79¾
N. P	29¾	29⅝	28¾	28⅝
Mo. Pac	63½	64¼	62	62¾
N. E	40¾	40¾	39¾	39¾
N. P., pf'd	77½	77½	75¾	75¾
N. Y. C	115¾	115¾	114⅜	115
N. Y. C	111¾	111¾	111¾	111¾
N. A	18⅝	18⅝	17⅞	18
P. M	37¾	37¾	37	37
R. I	139⅜	139⅜	139¼	139¼
*R. I	84	84¼	82	82¼
Reading	40¾	40⅝	39⅝	40
Silver	97¾	97¾	97¾	97¾
Sugar	90	90¾	89	89
St. P	74¼	74⅝	73¾	73¾
T. C. I	57¾	57¾	56¾	56¾
T. Pac	14¼	14⅜	14¼	14¼
U. Pac	47⅞	48¼	47⅝	41
Wabash	14¾	14	14	14
Wabash. pf'd	30¾	30¾	29¾	30
W. U	89¾	89¾	89	89¾
Cordage	98	86	96¾	96¾

Trade.

The general trade of the country was larger the past than during the preceding week. The movement of dry goods has been of good proportions. Boots and shoes have been fairly active, the wet weather preventing activity. Collections are reported fair.

The Grain Markets To-day.

This morning, Liverpool cables came weak for wheat, but they had no effect on the market, as this cereal sympathized with corn. The firmness was also aided by the report published that the French government is purchasing immense quantities of wheat and flour in this country. Another strengthening factor was the decrease about one and one-quarter million bushels of wheat on